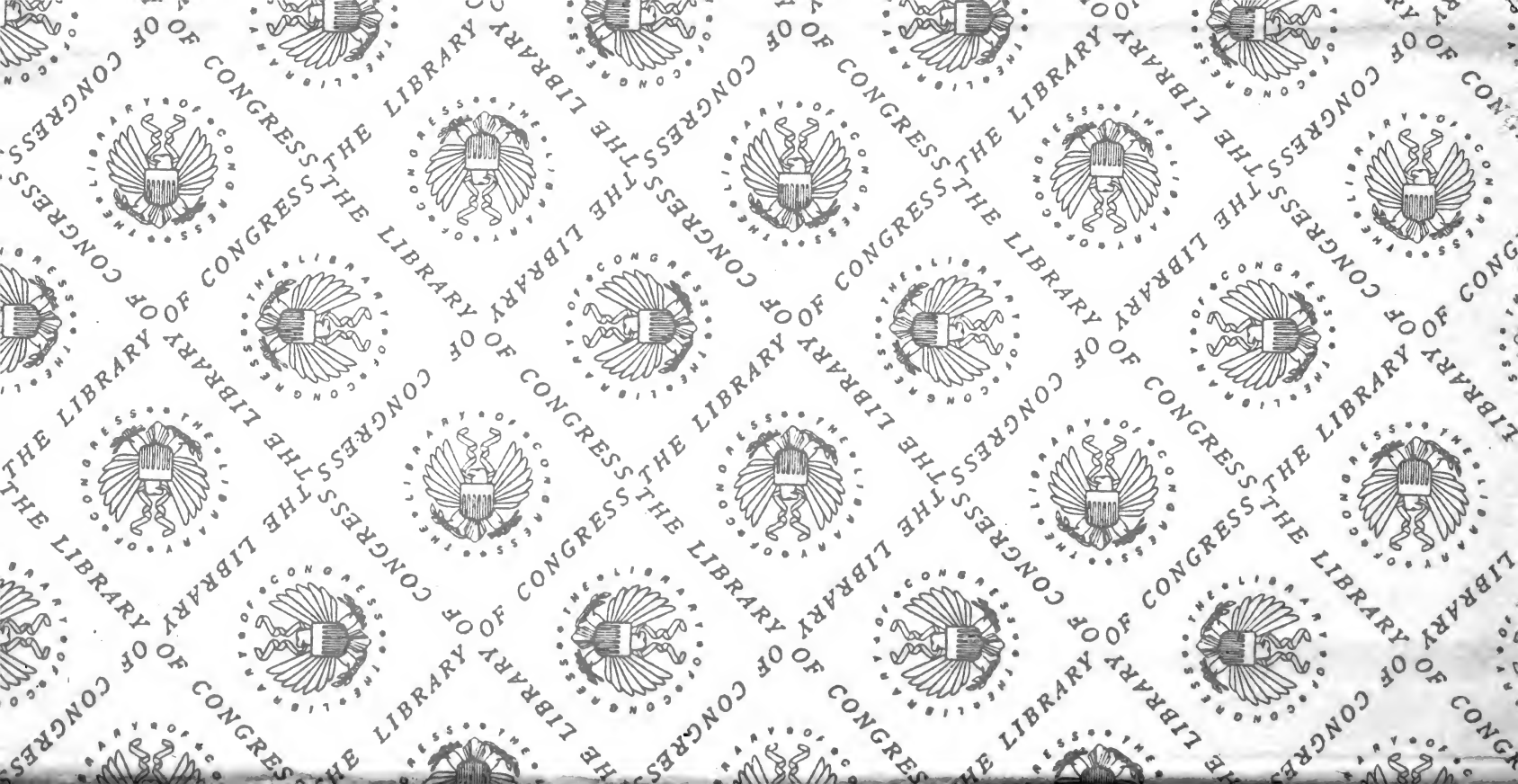
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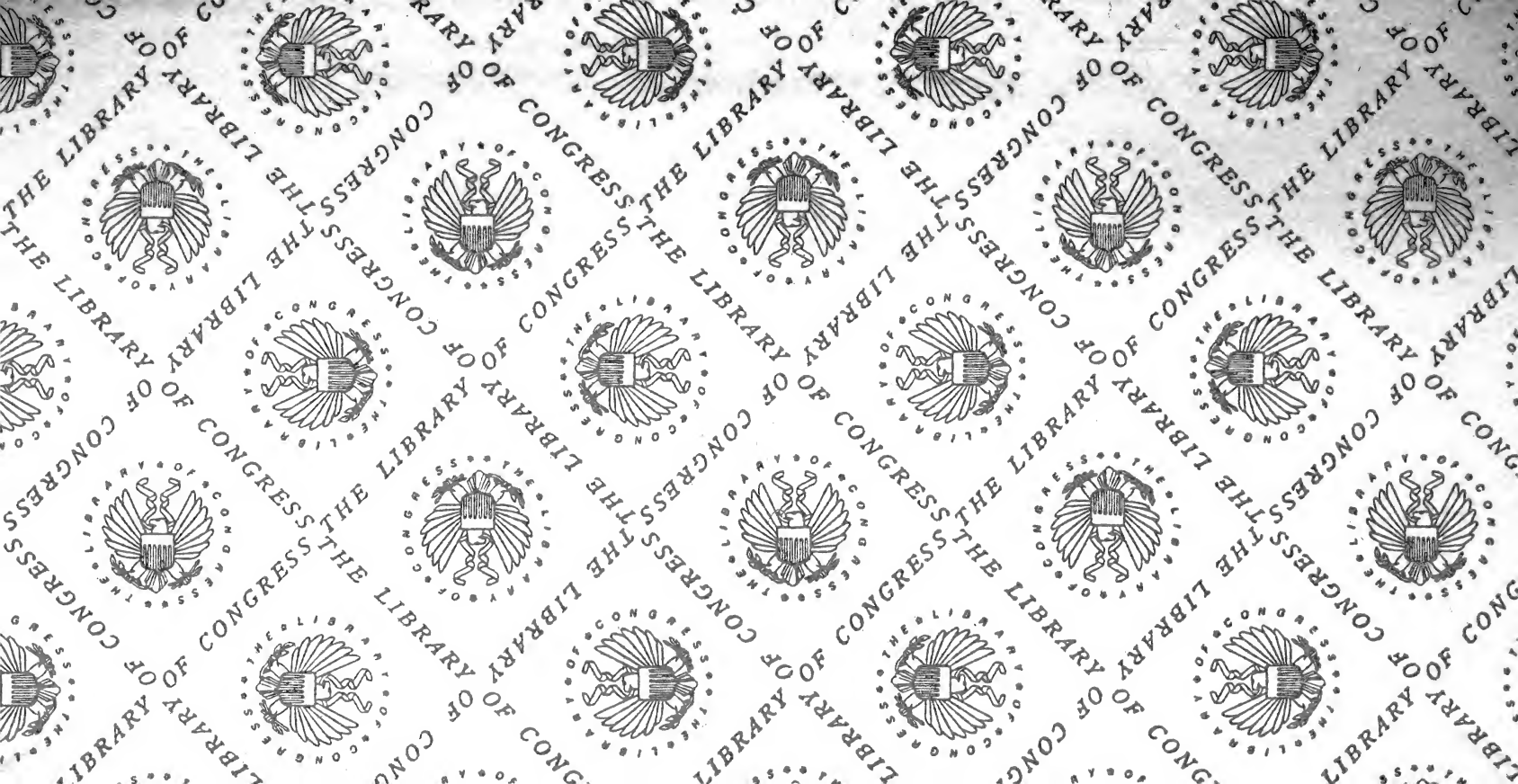
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SELECT POEMS, &c.

BY THE LATE

JOHN DAWES WORGAN,

OF BRISTOL,

WHO DIED ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF JULY 1809,
AGED NINETEEN YEARS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

Some Particulars of his Life and Character,

BY AN EARLY FRIEND AND ASSOCIATE.

WITH A PREFACE,

BY WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY KIMBER & RICHARDSON,
NO. 237, MARKET STREET.
Merritt, Printer, Watkin's Alley.

1813.

TO

EDWARD JENNER, M.D. F.R.S.

&c. &c. &c.

SIR,

IT is with peculiar satisfaction that I place under the shelter of your indulgent patronage, this little Memorial of unaffected piety, solid worth, and early genius;—that piety, whose moral tendency and consolatory influence you have witnessed with admiration,—that worth, which you have so justly appreciated,—and that genius, which has been fostered by your kind encouragement.

To you, who animated the exertions of Worgan's life by your approbation, and who watched over the couch of his affliction with the skill and sympathy of an affectionate physician, these his literary Remains must be particularly interesting; I could only wish that his memorialist were more capable of ren-

dering them engaging to others also; or that, being relieved from public scrutiny, he had to present this juvenile sketch to those alone, who, like you, may forget the inability of the biographer, in recollecting the genuine value of his friend.

May you reap the purest satisfaction from a review of those blessings which, under Providence, you have communicated to the world;—and in the present instance, from the consideration, that if the sanction of your name assists the circulation of this little volume (as I am persuaded it must) in so honouring departed merit, and alleviating parental sorrow, you may be the means of recommending, by the force of example, remedies of considerable efficacy against the moral and spiritual diseases of mankind.

I have the honour to remain,

SIR,

Your obliged and devoted servant,

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

THE very amiable youth, whose early compositions appear in the present volume, became known to me by letters a few years ago. I had observed with pleasure the modest, ingenuous spirit with which he endeavoured to surmount all impediments that might preclude him from literary distinction, for which he panted with the natural ardour of a youthful poet. I had admired the grateful docility with which he acquiesced in the advice of friends who, when he was preparing a juvenile volume for the press, had cautioned him against the dangers of too early publication: I had applauded the spirit and the propriety with which he appeared as the public eulogist of his beneficent patron, Doctor Jenner:

and I entertained a lively hope that my young friend was on the point of beginning a highly promising career, as a student in the University, when the following letter unexpectedly announced to me the overthrow of all his earthly expectations, and led me to contemplate the dying youth with mingled emotions of sorrow and admiration, and (to speak of him in a phrase of Dryden's) as a probationer of Heaven:

TO WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

Bristol, June 23, 1809.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"WITH much weakness and incapacity I once more engage in the ever agreeable employment of writing to you, to return my very grateful, though long delayed, acknowledgments for your kind packet and affectionate letter of the 7th of March. A few days after their arrival, it pleased the Divine Providence, in its infinite wisdom, that I should be attacked with a violent spitting of blood, with its concomitant complaints. For the ten weeks that I remained under

Dr. Jenner's roof, his attention and kindness were unremitting; but finding all in vain towards my recovery, he recommended my return home, where I at present am residing with my mother, a candidate for the eternal world, and humbly awaiting the time when this mortal body shall no longer be the frail imperfect residence of the immortal spirit.

"I must candidly confess that the messenger of death was a fearful and unwelcome visitant. The anxieties which had harassed my mind for a considerable time were removed by the exertions of my friends a few days previous to my seizure. I was about to enter the University, with the hope of an honourable and successful course. The pleasures of reciprocal affection (of which you speak in your last letter) were mine in their fullest extent; and I had raised a goodly fabric of renown, in fancy, in contemplating which I had often amused my melancholy, but which, unless it be completed by some friendly hand, must fall to the ground, and oblivion must prey upon my name. Bright were my prospects; but they were the prospects of earth, and rapidly overcast with clouds. Heaven has taught me to lift my hopes and desires and views to an eternal land, where what I am to leave in this perishable spot shall be infinitely counterbalanced and overpaid. The

prospects now before me shall never be clouded. The consciousness of innate depravity indeed I cannot but feel; yet I feel also, and I believe and know, that in the salvation which was wrought out through the death of the Redeemer of mankind, an atonement was effected to expiate the transgressions of the world. In this divine atonement I have sought for pardon and holiness, and new life and light; and I have cause to foster an humble hope that I have not sought in vain. Thus then as a pardoned sinner, even on the couch of sickness, I can exult with celestial hope.

"Oh! how does the world sink in estimation when compared with the idea of those good things which God has prepared for those who love him! I bid it and all its endearments farewell without a sigh, when I contemplate the blessed mansions of Immortality, in which, through the boundless compassion of my God, and the propitiatory merits of my Redeemer, I have a good hope, through grace, that this fluttering spirit of mine will shortly have its abode. It is a dread thing, and the frequent source of a gloomy awe to my mind, to appear in the presence of the living God. But this is my consolation, that the Ruler of the skies is He who was crucified on earth, whom therefore we may approach not only as our God, but as our Saviour; and knowing that our sins have been

cancelled in his piacular blood, we may not only banish dread, but cherish unutterable joy. O death! where is thy sting?—O grave! where are thy victories? I know in whom I have believed. I know that my Redeemer liveth."

"*June* 30.

"I have written the above, my dear Sir, at various intervals, as my strength allowed. I have described the sentiments of an overflowing heart, as they arose on the conviction that this may be the last letter which it will be in my power to address to you. The pleasure of hearing from you has always been truly great; yet at the present period, it would be doubly great. With the hope then of being honoured and gratified with a letter from you, when your engagements will allow, I am your truly obliged faithful servant,

"J. D. Worgan."

I have here inserted the letter to which I alluded, because my own feelings induce me to believe, that in leading the reader to take a tender interest in his posthumous writings, it may have a beneficial influence on many young minds, and prove a powerful

incentive to diligence and piety; and because my immediate reply gave rise to this publication. As I knew it was the wish of this engaging youth that his surviving friends should not suffer those of his poetical effusions to die with him which they might deem worthy of public favour, I offered to receive any papers that he might be anxious to confide to my care. He expired without having strength to write to me again; but his papers have been sent to me, and I have made such a selection as I am inclined to think his pure spirit might approve: happy if my just attention to his wishes may soothe that anguish of heart which the loss of so excellent a son could not fail to excite in a very sensible and affectionate mother. Intending to introduce his compositions to the public by a brief account of their interesting author, I entreated one of his young associates to favour me with the particulars of his life, as he was personally unknown to me. His friend supplied me with what he modestly wished me to consi-

der as merely heads for a more extensive biographical composition, which he and the relations of the deceased expected me to prefix to the verses of our lamented young poet. But the narrative has so much of truth and nature—it is so just and so pleasing a delineation of that exemplary youth whose character was impressed by long intimacy on the heart and mind of his surviving fellow-student, that I should think myself guilty of injuring the deceased, if I any ways deprived him of so becoming a tribute to his memory. I therefore confine myself to this Preface, by which I am ambitious of introducing the young poet and his young biographer to the kind notice of the public. It seems to me to be a duty incumbent on the veterans of literature to encourage the activity and promote the reputation of studious and laudable youth; and that I may not appear, by an act of justice to the living, to shrink from expressing my sentiments of the dead, I beg leave to terminate this introduction by the following Elegy.

ELEGY.

YOUTH of ingenuous mind, and sacred song!
Be selfish grief's temerity forgiven,
That wish'd thy days of trouble to prolong,
And, as untimely, mourn'd thy flight to Heaven!

Friendship and Love, in visions of the heart,
Had seen thy genius burst through every bar;
They deem'd thee destin'd by poetic art
To rise in learning's sphere, a lucid star.

Sweet was the promise of thy early lyre,
Sweet as the skylark soaring from his sod;
Thine were the gifts, that purest verse inspire,
An eye for Nature, and a soul for God!

But like a blight, that mars both flower and stem,
Fortune the germs of genius may oppress;
And mutual love, of Earth the rarest gem,
May only prove a signet of distress.

Hapless affection, and the mournful muse,
Fed and absorb'd thy mental powers by stealth;
While care's dark flood, like night's most noxious dews,
Drown'd thy sweet hopes, and undermin'd thy health.

But oh! when life, to thy enlighten'd eyes,
Seem'd but the closing of a troubled dream,
How didst thou welcome radiance from the skies!
Thy spirit bask'd in faith's effulgent beam.

Dear young aspirant in that glorious strife,
Where Nature triumphs o'er her prime desire,
While *earthly* changes to *celestial* life,
And *sensual* passion to *seraphic* fire;

The kind ambition of thy Christian heart
Was from the vanities of earth to wean
Thy soul, and hers, thy being's dearest part!
Train'd by thy truth for love's immortal scene.

That scene is thine, for which thy spirit burn'd;
There angels welcome thee to realms above;—
Here may they watch o'er her, who fondly learn'd
The path to Heav'n; and learn'd it from thy love.

Pardon, dear youth! enfranchis'd now from earth!
If in the clouds that o'er this valley reign
Too hastily, in feeling thy lost worth,
I touch the source of thy terrestrial pain!

Yes! thou wilt kindly look on all below,
Who once were happy in thy warm regard;—
Bid them no longer fruitless tears bestow
Upon the tombstone of their youthful bard!

Fancy yet sees thee smile, with fond applause,
While Friendship's hand thy chequer'd life portrays,
And honour still from thee thy patron draws;
Thy spirit still is pleas'd by JENNER'S praise.

Thine was the wish through many a studious hour
To raise, by moral verse, a deathless name;
Exult, now gifted with angelic power!
In joy, beyond the joys of letter'd fame!

Now, widely witness, that thy youthful lays
To just devotion waken heedless youth!
And lead such hearts as thine, with grateful praise,
To join thy homage to the throne of Truth.

WILLIAM HAYLEY.

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SOME PARTICULARS

OF

THE LIFE

OF

JOHN DAWES WORGAN.

WITH the solicitude for posthumous reputation natural to aspiring genius, the interesting subject of the following pages devoted some of the few intervals of ease, which the languor and debility of his closing days afforded, to the preparation of a brief Memoir of his life. In this undertaking, however, he was not able to make much progress; what he wrote is now presented to the reader, with little alteration, as affording the best view of his early years.

AMONG all the fountains of melancholy pleasure, there is none so sweet and so unfailing as that which flows from remembrance. The recollection of par-

ticular scenes, indeed, may be the source of pleasure, unmixed with any other sentiment; but he who shall sit down to review a diversified life, to retrace his progress through its paths, and to consider its events in their connexion with each other, will feel his heart expand with the most tender and sublime sensations.

To him, who (in addition to this) shall consider what he is, and what he will be, the contemplation of life can hardly fail to be productive of emotions which human language would labour in vain to describe.

It is with sensations of this kind, which every heart of sensibility will understand, though they cannot be expressed by words, that I now attempt to recall the circumstances which have occurred in the days of my own existence. They are indeed of an unimportant nature; they can boast no interesting occurrences, and perhaps they can yield but little usefulness. Yet there are those, to whom I am dear, who will feel an interest in every thing connected with my fate, and whose affection, I feel assured, will not expire, when the time shall come for my mortal part to return to its native dust. They will accept this hasty Memoir as no displeasing relic. To them therefore (especially to my beloved and affectionate parent) I wish that its pages may be dedicated. And if in my endea-

vour to delineate the scenes of childhood and growing youth, I may animate the broken intervals of time, when the return of a little strength allows me to act and to think—if my fancy may be entertained, my spirits revived—if my thankfulness to the gracious Author and Preserver of my life be quickened, by a review of the benefits I have experienced from his hand, and if my humility be deepened by beholding the continual errors into which I have fallen—then shall I indeed rejoice in the welcome consciousness that I have not written in vain.

I was born in the city of Bristol, on the eighth of November 1791. My ancestors on my father's side had been watch-makers for two generations; my father therefore (according to some law unknown to reason, but well known in trade) was compelled to prosecute the family employment by a kind of hereditary entail. He was accordingly under the necessity of laying aside the object which he had ardently sought, that of attaining holy orders in the church of England, and was obliged to devote himself to an occupation which ill accorded with his inclinations and his health. By this affliction and disappointment, however, the humility and fervour of his piety were undoubtedly enlivened in no light degree, and he continued, though in a private station, a faithful member of the church

of England. Such he was at the time of his marriage in January 1790. My mother was a member of the Church of the United Brethren. The statement of these things is necessary, that future circumstances and expressions may be understood.

In the parish-church of St. Mary-le-Port, Bristol, I was dedicated at the baptismal font by the Rev. T. T. Biddulph. I should not detail a circumstance which must appear so trifling, but it is one which *I* regard with peculiar pleasure. The eminent servant of God, by whose ministry I was introduced into the Christian church (when a passive infant unconscious of the benefit) has continued an unceasing manifestation of kindness, in all the seasons and circumstances of my life. He has been uniformly prompt to act the part of a real friend; to promote my interest, both in a temporal and spiritual manner; to animate me in my studies, by such encouragements and such a portion of praise as he considered me capable of bearing; and (what I esteem the most important of all) to show me my faults, with the most faithful and unreserved sincerity, united at the same time with the most tender and affectionate kindness. A series of friendly services of this description I contemplate with singular satisfaction. Knowing as I do by experience, what are the friendships of the world

at large, knowing that they are alliances of convenience, and that with interested motives they originate and expire, I have learned how to value the few solitary beings, by whom the nature of friendship is still understood and its virtues still practised. And having such a character presented to my view, in speaking of my baptism, I must not neglect the opportunity of expressing my gratitude towards the person who has so eminently deserved it.

At the expiration of my fourth year I am informed that I was capable of reading a chapter in the Testament; and the warm commendations, which were lavished upon me by my friends on this occasion, so stimulated me to fresh exertions, that in a little time I committed to memory a considerable number of stanzas, from the Hymn-book of the United Brethren. From these spontaneous studies, to which I was simply led by infantile vanity, and the desire of doing more than any in my school had ever done, very great advantages resulted. It was hence perhaps that I acquired the benefits of memory, which I have found so invaluable a blessing in my subsequent life. I may hence have derived that partiality to metrical composition which has been the greatest of my earthly consolations. And it is certain that I hence imbibed that principle of somewhat like ambition, which has led me to de-

sire a pre-eminent degree of excellence in every pursuit in which it has been my destiny to engage; and which has induced me, for the sake of honour, to support a series of labours, from which my inclinations recoiled, in the acquisition of ancient and modern learning. But why dilate on these matters? Because they show the fallacy of a plausible modern argument on education, which I have often heard from sensible persons. Many suppose that children, till arrived at their tenth or twelfth year, are incapable of being impressed with permanent ideas; that they may be taught to read, to manage a pen, and a little arithmetic; but that the attempt to infuse a further portion of knowledge would be like the task of the daughters of Danaus, and would rather injure than benefit the mind. This notion might be answered by observations on the structure of the human mind. It is needless however for me to enter into abstract reasonings on the subject, since an example is here afforded, of one, in whom the memory was formed, and into whom a taste for poetry was instilled, and a wish for eminence inspired, through the benefits of instruction, before his sixth year was accomplished.

The grand object of my parents in my education, was to teach me "how to live, and how to die." With the most affectionate ardour, therefore, they embraced every opportunity of instructing me

in the principles of religion, explaining, with sweet simplicity, the doctrines of the Christian faith and practice. I listened with delight, yet I must sincerely confess, that the impressions produced upon my mind were of a short-lived nature. While the rich streams of divine instruction were flowing from the lips of a father, my heart must have been callous indeed, had it remained inattentive or unimpressed. But in the succession of amusing scenes the precepts were forgotten, and the gay levities of boyhood asserted and maintained their empire. Will it hence be inferred that the instructions on sacred things which I received in my tender years, were futile and unproductive? Any such inference would be wrong; for in after-years, when separated from my parents, when unblest with any monitor who would act his part with faithfulness towards me, the admonitions which I had received at home not unfrequently thronged into my mind, and operated with greater force than recent exhortations have done; since I attached to them an idea of sanctity, and thought on them with reverential awe. Although the immediate object of my early religious instruction was not answered, yet its ultimate effects were as completely successful as my father's fondest wishes could have desired. An instance of this nature may be the source of consolation to parents, who, as they hitherto perceive no in-

crease from the sacred seed they have sown in the minds of their children, are too hasty in concluding that it must have utterly perished.

I have now to perform a journey of thirty miles—formidable thought for a boy not six years old! I must bid adieu to my "*dulce domum*" and all its endearments, and to all my accustomed companions.

In short, I must transplant myself from Bristol to a little town in Wiltshire, at a school in which I was entered in the autumn of 1796. The number of boarders was limited to six. The master was a good-natured, intelligent man; so that I settled in my new habitation with a fair prospect of pleasure and improvement. It happened, however, that the good-nature of our master was the result of indolence and inactivity. In passing over an error in the conduct of his pupils, his lenity might easily be justifiable; but he passed over omissions in their learning, and faults in their tasks. This inclination to wink at our proceedings it may be supposed that we shortly perceived, and the consequence may be imagined. I do not mention these things with a view to censure my old master (of whom I have not much more reason to complain than of myself); but I wish that parents, in choosing an instructor for their children, would particularly inquire concering him, whether he be a conscien-

tious character, whether from motives of duty he will strictly and faithfully fulfil his office. Such a commendation is preferable on these occasions to the most brilliant talents.

In the neighbourhood of this school is a venerable majestic abbey, which has stood the storms of ages, and is now beautiful in decay. To explore its accessible parts was long my wish and resolve; but my school-fellows, who were all my seniors, contrived to fabricate so many tales of horror, of ghosts who dwelt in the abbey, and of murders perpetrated in it, that I never had courage to approach any part but that which is dedicated to playing balls. And as to the dread of ghosts, it did not forsake me during many subsequent years, and was a continual oppression on my spirits. What caution is too great to be used to prevent the sportiveness of youth, or the superstition and ignorance of age, from filling the infantile mind with tales, and forms, and figures, which will harass it, till it is arrived at a state of mature reason!

Opposite to our house, there was a chapel of the United Brethren. It was there we attended divine service; the simplicity of the manner in which the brethren expound the Christian faith, renders their religious meetings particularly useful and appropriate to childhood. Having passed two years in this school, I returned home for a permanency. Even

then I had sufficient sagacity to perceive, that during my absence from home I had lost much and gained little. My ambition, the best principle that can be cherished in some boys to encourage them in their learning, was altogether lost.

As my constitution began to afford indications of tenderness and weakness, it was the wish of my parents that I should receive instruction at some school in Bristol or its neighbourhood, where my health might be fostered by their care, and their feelings satisfied respecting me. But their wishes were frustrated by the perversity which began at this time, in an especial manner, to exercise its influence on my mind. At three schools I was entered, but would remain in none, conceiving against each some vehement cause of complaint, and acting in pursuance of my ideas with unruly and uncontrollable principles of anger and pride. These are the principles which reign, alas! so predominantly in the human soul, showing themselves at the earliest period after any ray of reason has dawned. They evince the depth and the extent of our original corruption, the proneness of the soul to evil from the very hours of infancy, and its wide alienation from God.

How abased is the condition of mankind, whose earliest ways are ways of error! How unfathomable is the compassion of our God, who manifests undiminished beneficence to such a race of

transgressors! As to myself, when I think on the marks of depravity which my state of childhood manifested in the unmanageable character of my temper at this time, I have cause for fervent gratitude to the benign Author of all good, for enabling me to struggle successfully against the natural propensities of my heart. It is indeed a continual contest: but when the soul is faint and weary, she can call for aid on almighty power: and she will not be left unaided till the warfare is over. Into this digression I have been led by the overflowings of my mind. My heart would not be content with a scanty tribute of praise to the long-continued mercies of my God, nor would it be satisfied with a slight mention of a subject respecting which it has so much been exercised.

Amidst the perplexity which was naturally felt by my friends at seeing their endeavours for my welfare counteracted by causes which no human power could remove, and amidst their painful hesitations in what manner they should dispose of me for future education, it chanced that I was visited by an acquaintance of my own age. He had for a considerable time been resident in the school established in the village of Fulneck (near Leeds, Yorkshire) a settlement or congregation-place of the United Brethren. He portrayed the school at Fulneck as possessed of unparalleled excellencies,

minutely describing it and its dependencies, and decorating the whole in the most brilliant colours. My imagination was fired and captivated at the account of so enviable a situation, and I immediately besought permission to accompany my young friend to Fulneck.

It may be conceived that such a solicitation was heard by my parents with a measure of satisfaction, considering the difficulties they had already undergone in seeking a situation for me, and the confidence which they naturally reposed in the conductors of the Fulneck school, as members of the same church with themselves. So important a step was however considered with due deliberation. At length it was determined that my request should be granted, and accordingly I bade a second farewell to my home. I was placed under the protection of a good-natured dissenting clergyman, who was travelling to the north, and the journey would have been truly agreeable, had it not been for its tremendous length of two hundred miles, and the rapidity with which we travelled. At length, after three days journey, I cast my eyes, with united veneration and joy, upon the long-expected houses of Fulneck, and I found the ideas I had formed of them in fancy, surpassed by the reality.

The village is situated on a rising ground; it is

built in a straight line; the chapel is in the centre; the schools for boys and girls, the houses of the single brethren and sisters, and the houses dedicated to mechanical labour, exactly corresponding on each side. A spacious and public gravel walk appeared in front of the buildings. The space before the chapel, however, was prohibited ground, and constituted the boundary between the male and female domain. From the gravel walk the ground exhibited a gentle declivity, which was covered with gardens, both for utility and ornament. The huts of the extremely poor were concealed, that the beauty of the scene might suffer no detriment. This little district was purchased by the Moravians, that they might there erect a secure and independent settlement, in which none but the members of their own society should be permitted to live, except children in the schools. For a series of successive years, their establishment has flourished and increased. It now affords no inconsiderable advantages for the education of youth of both sexes, of employment for the middle-aged, and of retirement for those who have known the world and have learned to despise its follies.

When I had visited the various parts of the village in company with the resident clergyman, I was introduced with all becoming ceremony into my appropriate room. It was not the custom there for

the whole school to assemble in one apartment, but we were divided into five classes, each of which had a separate room, with two instructors: in addition to this we had masters occasionally attending, and the head-master was superintendant of the whole. Our advancement from room to room was guided by our improvement in learning, and the desire of attaining so envied an exaltation was a powerful stimulus to diligence in study. Our religious instruction was as much an object of attention as our other pursuits. Every morning at eight o'clock we assembled in the chapel, where a brief discourse was delivered to us in a style peculiarly adapted to children, altogether simple, and treating on those prominent parts of Christian doctrine which to children are most attractive, and which they can best understand. It was also part of our daily task that we should commit to memory two texts of Scripture; and in justice to the masters of the establishment, I must add, that many of them were not remiss in labouring to further our advance in religious knowledge, by the benefit of their private conversation. From these opportunities of improvement I derived much pleasure and profit: the advice which is affectionately whispered will melt the heart, and stamp an impression there which time in general is unable to efface.

With regard to the nature of my pursuits in

school, they were such as are common. I went through a series of Latin exercises in company with my class; but such was my aversion to the study of words, that I made no manner of progress in this new pursuit; on the contrary, it was the subject of my rooted aversion. It may therefore be judged, that I remained in comparative ignorance as to the Latin language. French was afterwards introduced, but I found the cultivation of an acquaintance with words, whether from Italy or France, to be equally irksome. I therefore suffered my forced attention towards languages to give way to my natural impulse, and dedicated all my thoughts to the other branches of learning.

In this way for two years (without any occurrence that deserves notice) I proceeded comfortably with my instructors, with my companions, and in myself; and all my comforts were augmented by the particular kindness of the Rev. John Hartley, the resident minister, and (ex officio) head master. I am happy in an occasion of showing that I am not unmindful of his past benevolence. But though every appearance was so flattering, it was my misfortune to feel that, while my mind was improving, my bodily frame was seriously weakened by the inclemency of the climate, in the winter season. In the summer, indeed, my powers were recruited and my health re-

stored; but, as my parents were naturally dissatisfied at my annual illness, they reluctantly resolved on my return home, and my father accordingly came to be my conductor, and guided me back to Bristol in the autumn of 1800. This journey was one of the most pleasant and useful I ever performed. As we advanced at leisure, we had opportunities of visiting the various works of nature and art that presented themselves in our way. I shall not easily forget the interesting objects I then beheld; whether the mechanic arts of Sheffield and Birmingham, or the tremendous beauties of the Peak.

But I must remember that I have not yet bid adieu to Fulneck. Within its confines some of the happiest of my days were passed. There was a predominant spirit of piety which produced a spirit of harmony and content, the benefits of which were experienced by old and young; for where there is real piety, there will be lasting peace, either with individuals or communities; and the petty bickerings which may casually arise, will speedily be removed on the principles of Christian love. This internal tranquillity which prevailed in Fulneck was the source of no small gratification to a mind constituted like mine, delighting in repose; nor was I less gratified by their artless exposition of

divine truths, which (as I have already mentioned) we from day to day received.

I turn with the most tender regret from the place where I received my education for two years; where I was treated with uniform kindness; where my understanding and my heart were alike the objects of attention, and perhaps were equally improved. But it will not easily be obliterated from my remembrance. Its houses, and terrace, and gardens, are still present to my sight. I will converse in fancy with the dear individuals who condescended to administer to my puerile comforts. The scenes of pleasure crowd upon my mind; and when, amidst my present solitude and gloom, I wish to be refreshed by the recollection of happy days, I send my thoughts to Fulneck. There is, however, an honest principle in the mind of man when unsophisticated, which leads him to prefer his home to every other scene. Contented, as I had been during my long absence, yet on re-entering the door of my parental dwelling, my heart swelled with indistinct feelings of gentle transport, which it would be no disgrace to the triumphant hero to feel, when returning from the field of glory, or the statesman from the councils of his country. For the most exalted wisdom will ever be most ready to cherish the tender feelings of nature; and though, with philosophical enlargement of the

mind, the sage may call the universe his home, yet where is the heart that has not experienced a soft partiality to the abodes of his birth and infancy in priority to spots in themselves more alluring? With such feelings I resumed my situation at home. The care of my health, during a most inclement winter, was the primary object of my parents.

Thus far did Worgan proceed in his own biography; it falls to the lot of his friend to mark the dawnings of his genius, to trace its increasing radiance, and to follow it until the dark cloud of sickness and adversity shrouded it prematurely from further display and further observation.

In January 1801, he was placed as a daily scholar in the commercial school of Mr. Pocock of Bristol, where he made considerable progress in arithmetic, and acquired a competent knowledge of geography, astronomy, and other branches of science; he also improved his hand writing, and thus reaped advantages, which he probably would never have enjoyed to the same extent, had he been confined to the instructions of a classical school.

It is seldom seen that superior genius can descend to pursuits in which mechanical nicety and precision alone lead to perfection. Some very

exquisite maps which Worgan drew, while following his geographical studies, and indeed the neatness and correctness of all his performances, seemed to point out a path, as the appropriate lot of his future life; very different from that which his eager mind afterwards pursued in ascending the arduous steep which leads to learning and to fame.

He was at this time introduced to M. Desprez, an emigrant French clergyman, and a descendant of him by whom, "*Trojæ dum regna manebant*," the editions of the classics, usually called *the Dauphin*, were edited and illustrated with notes and interpretations for the use of his royal pupils. This gentleman had discernment enough to perceive the latent abilities of his young friend, and in imparting to him his own language (in which, through his care, he attained very great freedom both in conversation and composition) he endeavoured to introduce a relish for literary pursuits in general, and certainly succeeded to a considerable degree. But Worgan's French preceptor was shortly after elected professor of that language in the Military College at Marlow, where he died; and our youth himself was obliged to leave school, and though not yet twelve years of age, to bring to practical use some parts of the mercantile education which he had been acquiring.

We must therefore follow him into a new scene,

as, in consequence of the indisposition of his father, he was obliged, in June 1802, to become his assistant both in his trade of a watchmaker, and in his accounts. This he did with the greatest faithfulness and alacrity; and when, in a short time, his father became wholly confined, he divided his hours and attention between his sick bed and his business in the most exemplary and unremitting manner. The blessed end of his valuable parent, who died on the second of May 1803, made a deep and serious impression on his mind; and his religious principles were illustrated by affectionate concern for his mother on so severe a loss, and the solidity and ability with which he arranged his father's affairs.

In July 1803, he returned to Mr. Pocock's, with an intention of pursuing the course of instruction which he had commenced. But in January following, he revealed to his mother the wish he had long entertained of devoting himself to the service of God, by becoming a clergyman of the church of England; and he therefore begged her permission to turn his mind to a classical education. His mother, whose every care was centered in the promotion of his welfare, readily acceded to the request. They consulted on the subject their friend, the Rev. T. T. Biddulph (of whom Worgan made so affectionate a notice in his own Memoirs) who,

expressing his approbation of his views, introduced him to the Rev. S*** S***, who presided in a large and highly respectable school in Bristol, at which he was accordingly entered as a day-scholar without delay.

Here he enjoyed great and peculiar advantages; advantages which soon called into action those latent energies of his mind, which only awaited some favouring opportunity of starting into notice. The first of these arose from the depth of erudition, and the solidity of judgment which were united in the gentleman, under whom he had the good fortune to be placed; qualities which rendered him equally averse to a premature elevation of his pupils to the higher branches of study, before the foundations of science were deeply and firmly established—and to a restraint of the laudable efforts of real and aspiring genius. Another advantage of no small importance to our young academic, whose habits of seclusion had before entirely removed him from the company of young persons of his own age, and of liberal education, was derived from the opportunity now afforded him for association with such, and the stimulus which was thereby given to his future exertions.

While Worgan was labouring with unremitting assiduity in acquiring the rudiments of classical learning, the higher divisions of the school con-

tained *those* whose talents and industry had laid open the rich mines of ancient lore, of which *he* had scarcely explored the rough and forbidding access, many of whom, to their surprise, found him, in a time incredibly short, arrived at a level with themselves, and able to contend with them for the meed of scholastic distinction. While he viewed the idle and the dissipated with pity and contempt, his ardent mind sought and attracted the friendship of many, who were actuated by sentiments similar to his own, with some of whom he maintained habits of social and literary intercourse till the time of his death, and to whom the recollection of that intercourse will probably form in future life not an ungrateful subject of frequent meditation.

In one year and a half he passed through the regular stages by which a knowledge of Greek and Latin is usually acquired; and at the expiration of that period was able to read with facility most of the books of highest rank. This extraordinary rapidity was partly the result of that unceasing perseverance which a regard to his future welfare urged him to employ, and partly arose from the abstraction of his thoughts from those minor branches of education which usually interfere with and protract the attainment of classical learning.

His papers bear testimony to the care with which he pursued his studies; as they contain, in addition to the ordinary exercises of themes and verses, an epitome of the Roman history, another of geography, and many translations from Justin, Eutropius, Cornelius Nepos, and the Eclogues of Virgil, by which he familiarized himself to rendering Latin into his own tongue with fluency and correctness. He also devoted some of his leisure hours to the acquisition of Hebrew, conceiving it to be a principal duty of one who aspired to holy orders, to be familiar with the sacred records in their purest shape: he studied it with the vowel points.

Having completed his course of education at school, in July 1806 he undertook, for a short period, the tuition of a son of Richard Hart Davis, Esq. M. P. of Clifton; and in September following, having not then completed his sixteenth year, he was admitted as private tutor into the family of Dr. Jenner, at Berkeley.

This may appear to have been an arduous undertaking for one so young, but his most intimate friends scarcely recollect him ever to have been a boy; so early was his mind formed and his judgment matured.

The following extract from a letter to his mother, on being settled in this highly desirable situa-

tion, affords a pleasing view of his feelings at this time:

"*Cheltenham, Sept.* 27.

"When I reflect on the mercies I have received, and the advantageous situation in which I am placed, I cannot but fall with humble gratitude at the feet of *Him*, whose guardian love has hitherto protected me, and I trust will still be exerted in my preservation. I send you a sonnet, which I wrote in August last, but which is peculiarly applicable to my present circumstances:

"Long has my heart, devoid of anxious fears,
Danc'd o'er the winding valley's flow'ry green;
But now Discretion's arduous mount appears,
And I must quit the vainly pleasing scene.

Slow up the steep ascent, with trembling mind,
My weary feet the sadd'ning road pursue;
Nor shall my heart unsullied pleasure find,
Till Salem's turrets meet the raptur'd view.

O Thou, whose arm with guardian mercy led
My wand'ring feet thro' childhood's giddy maze,
Extend thy sacred buckler round my head,
While op'ning life her various form displays,
Till by thy grace I tread the blissful shore
Where dangers, griefs, and fears alarm no more."

The decision of our young tutor on a point of considerable importance to himself about this time, sufficiently marks the ripened state of his judgment. A kind friend had made very flattering proposals to him for immediately entering at College, the object of his warmest hopes, endeavouring, young as he was, to push his way there, and lay the immediate foundations of future celebrity. He pointed out at the same time certain exhibitions and other advantages whence a considerable aid to defray his expenses might be derived, and encouraged him to look to his own exertions for the supply of the residue. To a mind panting for academic distinction, what offer could be more pleasing? Worgan, no doubt, viewed with delight the opening prospect, but he was not dazzled with it; for mature reflection taught him that it was his true interest to check his youthful ardour, enjoying with patience the important opportunities of improvement which his present residence afforded, and awaiting the time, when a more advanced age, improved abilities, and more general information, would enable him to enter on his career with surer prospects of success, and when the intermediate accumulation of his pecuniary fund would enable him to pursue it with greater ease and independence. He accordingly declined with thankfulness the friendly proposals.

Many of the compositions of our young poet breathe the melancholy air of tender and disappointed affection, while some passages are enlivened by its more favourable views; and he may appear liable to the charge of supposing, with Cowley, that *poets are scarcely thought freemen of their company without paying some duties to love*, and of therefore "fatiguing his fancy and ransacking his memory for images which might exhibit the gaiety of hope, or the gloominess of despair, which he never felt, and of dressing an imaginary mistress sometimes in flowers fading as her beauties, sometimes in gems lasting as her virtues,"—a folly which Dr. Johnson so justly ridicules.

To rescue him, therefore, from such an imputation, and to account for this tone of some of his poems, it is proper to state, that about this time his affections became really fixed on an amiable young lady, whose relations thought proper to withhold their countenance from the connexion, and therefore restricted him from her society, and in other respects opposed its progress. This conduct produced an agitation of mind which accompanied him through all the remaining stages of life, until he approached the borders of the grave, when his gracious God and Father was pleased to say unto his troubled soul, "Peace, be still!" tran-

quillizing its every tumult, and filling it with the beatific vision of the joys for which he was about to exchange the thorny and rugged paths of his mortal pilgrimage.

The following extract of a letter to his kind friend Mr. Hayley, while it affords a pleasing view of the genuine humility of his mind, and the increasing diffidence which increasing years and increasing knowledge inspired, describes with interesting simplicity what was passing within it on this unfortunate subject:

"I pride myself, my dear Sir, not a little on my having mustered sufficient magnanimity to prevent your flattering approbation from rendering me too bold, and inducing me to venture beyond my proper sphere. The historic poem, on the Spanish Vaccine Expedition, which you had the kindness to suggest, I had often before projected; but I as often relinquished the undertaking, from a consciousness of my inability to do justice to the subject. The important caution, "*Sumite materiam*," &c. though it once "grated horrible discord" upon my ears, is at present my leading maxim in every poetical attempt. Instead, therefore, of endeavouring to wing my way into the regions of historic verse, I am content, for the present, to appear before you in the garb of an

humble sonnetteer. From a centenary of sonnets, which I have lately finished, I have selected a few, which I take the liberty of enclosing to you; and if, my dear Sir, when you have no better occupation, you would have the great goodness to favour me with your general animadversions, I need not say how much you would add to the load of obligations, which you have already conferred upon me by your unmerited benevolence. The melancholy tone that pervades the majority of the sonnets, may perhaps be regarded as affectation in the writings of one, who has scarcely emerged from puerility, and it may be suspected that I have caught the fashionable rage for doleful ditties. Not a sentiment however have I uttered, which did not proceed from the bottom of my heart. Though young in years, I am old in the school of adversity; and the lessons which it has there been my destiny to learn, from a long continuance of the sorrows that prey upon the heart, have rendered me callous to earthly objects. Though scarcely set out on the journey of life, my feet are weary, and I find the prospect of a happier world to be the only source of tranquillity and comfort amidst the miseries of this. Pardon an unwilling egotist for troubling you with this mournful rhapsody. My object is to explain the feelings by which

many of the sonnets were prompted, and to prevent your mistaking reality for fiction.

"And now let me present to you my warmest thanks for the critical observations, with which you favoured me on my elegiac verses. Of the errors and deficiencies, which you kindly pointed out, I am fully sensible, and my own deliberate judgment has convinced me of many others. I daily congratulate myself, with increasing satisfaction, on my having resisted, by your advice, the solicitations of partial friends and the suggestions of my own vanity, which loudly whispered "publication" in my ear a considerable time ago. I find that the increase of knowledge is accompanied by an increase of timidity, which I hope may be a sign of improvement; and he, who at sixteen would boldly have commenced an epic, at eighteen undertakes the smallest composition with a degree of diffidence."

But Worgan was not neglectful of his great object; he continued his studies with vigour and success: a series of notes on Æschines and Pindar, and a translation of the Poetics of Aristotle, which are found among his papers, prove, that, in applying to the "*Græca exemplaria*" he spared no profitable exertion. His enlarged acquaintance with English poetry now began to have its effect

on his own versification, the productions of this year (among which were "THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A SUMMER'S DAY," his longest poem) possessing a greater ease and fluency of diction than is found in some of his earlier efforts. He also studied the rules of his art with attention, and wrote an epitome of Vida's Art of Poetry.

In the spring of 1807 he was afflicted with a typhus fever; on recovering from which he visited his friends at Bristol, and in the course of the summer accompanied Dr. Jenner and his family to London. The intercourse which his residence there afforded him an opportunity of enjoying with many distinguished literary characters, while it was highly gratifying to him, assisted in the formation of his taste, added to his stock of information, and enlarged his ideas.

He returned to Cheltenham in the course of the year, and applied his leisure hours to the acquisition of Italian, promising himself, in the sweetness of Italian song, an ample reward for his labour; and he does not appear to have been disappointed. He was a great admirer of some of the sonnets of Petrarch, and intended to form a selection of them in English verse. But too strained an application, with the continual anguish of thwarted affection, were beginning to produce in our young friend the usual attendants on early

and extraordinary talent. The fruit which shows symptoms of ripening before its regular season, too often changes its promising appearance, to wither and to die. Under the apprehension, however, of such consequences, his state of mind was pious and pleasing, as appears by the following extract from a letter to a friend:

"An extraordinary determination of the blood to the brain vehemently affected my eyesight, and somewhat endangered my senses, and obliged me to desist from my studies for a considerable time; and at present I have but partially renewed them. Thanks to the mercies of the all-disposing Power, the apprehension of danger is now entirely past; and as the tranquillity of my mind is re-established, and my head much relieved by Dr. Jenner's advice, I trust, through the Divine blessing, I shall shortly be able to return to my ordinary employments. And may the restoration of my health and of my mental powers be accompanied by a renewed dedication of the whole to the service of Him from whose bounty they are all derived, that, in prosperity and adversity, in sickness and health, in youth and age, in life and death, the Lord Jehovah may be my strength and my song."

A suspension of all study was the consequence of this attack; which had not long spent itself, when, soon after the return of Dr. Jenner's family to Berkeley, in June 1808, he was again visited with the typhus fever in a more violent shape than before. The effects of this last disease he never recovered, being frequently troubled with a pain in his side and chest, a slight cough, and constant indigestion—alarming symptoms, which, however, never produced in his own mind any strong apprehension of ultimate danger. A fortnight's visit to his mother in Bristol having again recruited his strength, he returned to his favourite pursuits with renewed ardour, inflamed with the prospect of his removal to college in the course of the ensuing year, for which he had made arrangements.

In the winter he read Demosthenes, some of the tragedies of Sophocles, and added Longinus and Plato to the list of his Greek authors.

During all this time Worgan was a prey to the anguish which the disappointment of its tenderest feelings excited; and his mind became thus so absorbed, that he was in a measure disqualified even for his accustomed application, until at length the faculties of body and soul equally yielded to the grasp of complicated wretchedness. What might not such talents and such industry

have produced, had there been nothing to paralyze their efforts!

His friends having recommended him to yield for a time to the driving storm, and to discontinue any intercourse with his affectionate friend until appearances smiled more favourably on him, he acceded to the proposal, and on the eve of this separation addressed to her a most affecting paper of tender and valuable admonitions. Some extracts from it are here introduced, because they cannot fail to interest the reader in favour of our young poet, and because they show that his attachment was founded on the basis of religious principle, and conducted with a propriety and solidity of judgment which, in such circumstances, would have done honour to more ripened years.

"As I know not how soon the proposed arrangements will be terminated, which are to separate me for so long a time from the beloved object of my unchanging affection, and having many observations, on a variety of subjects, which I anxiously wish to express to her in a permanent form, I shall, as leisure opportunities occur, commit those observations to paper, for the purpose of presenting them to her, when the sad period

for our parting interview shall arrive. I shall place them in her hands as a sacred deposit, accompanied by my fervent benedictions; and perhaps it may be pleasant to her to read them over, when she can no longer see nor hear from him who wrote them.

"But how shall I begin? My heart is so full, that it is almost unable to speak: and the tears that stream from my eyes (which all my pholosophy cannot prevent from flowing) almost prevent me from fulfilling the task which I have begun. But stay yourselves, my tears, a little; let me describe to my love the feelings of my heart. Then will I retire to the solitude in which affliction delights, and you may flow again unblamed, where no eye shall see you but the eye of Heaven.

"My prayer will for ever be, that the mercy of Providence may eternally attend my beloved friend, to protect her from every danger, and to crown her with every blessing;

* * *

that every obstacle to our happiness may be removed; that, while we remain in the present sphere of being, our lives may promote the glory of our Creator, the welfare of others, and our own mutual comfort; and that, when the period of our departure is arrived, we may meet again in

a better land, to be no more separated. Such is the prayer, my dear friend, which will unceasingly flow from my heart, and I feel assured that it will find an echo in yours.

"You have often requested me to use towards you unreserved freedom and sincerity on every point. This you well know that I have invariably done; and on such an occasion as the present, if I make some friendly remarks, and dwell upon them with peculiar force, I feel assured that you will receive them as you have been accustomed to do, convinced that they proceed alone from the solicitude for your welfare, which affection inspires.

"To expatiate to you, my sweet friend, on the importance of properly dedicating your thoughts to the subjects which religion holds forward to the view, would be altogether superfluous. It would ill become me, who need so much instruction myself, to offer instructions to you on these topics. You know how indispensable is the duty of sincerely repenting of the sinfulness by which the best parts of our lives have been marked, and, by the help of Divine grace, of resolutely forsaking it. You know how necessary it is that our thoughts should be elevated above the perishable earth we inhabit, and that our affections should be purified and consecrated to the objects of eternity. Yet, conscious as I am of my own imper-

fection, and feeling as I do how difficult it is to subdue the force of inclination, and to act as we know we ought, I am convinced of this painful truth, that "it is not the knowledge of our duty which will secure the performance of it." From the influence of education, and the subsequent tenour of my life, I believe there is no point of moral or religious duty with which I am unacquainted; yet, alas! not a day rolls over my head, in which my conscience does not tell me that I have in some particular either failed of acting as I ought, or positively acted as I ought not. When, therefore, I speak of the frailty of our nature, I speak of what I know of my own. Our hearts are weak indeed; but there is a consideration which I have found of infinite energy in aiding the resolutions of virtue. This consideration consists in a proper view of the principles of our existence, of the distinct nature of the soul from the body, of the importance of the one and the worthlessness of the other, and the motives arising thence for the cultivation of purity in the soul, to detach it from the pollutions of the world, and to render it such, while it remains in its tenement of clay, that its separation from it, when the hour of death arrives, may be a matter of exultation, and not of dread.

"Think on these subjects with the attention

they require. How much preferable are they to all the ordinary pursuits of life! Yes! though the gay world may laugh at the doctrine, our bodies are nothing but mansions in which our souls are to move; they will therefore shortly return to their native dust. But our rational, immaterial, immortal souls shall remain for ever unconscious of decay, in unutterable happiness or misery. Sensible of these things, how can we doat on the pageants of an hour, and overlook the sacred realities, whose importance shall know no end? So powerful, my beloved, does this reflection appear to my mind, that I shall take it as the basis of my arguments on every other point which I may have to notice.

"As a concluding remark, however, on the subject of religion, I must observe, that neither this argument, nor any other of itself, is sufficient to control the stubborn heart of man. No; logical deductions and demonstrations cannot make us Christians. Humility is the foundation of religion; by humility we are led to prayer; by prayer we are endowed with faith; by faith we are taught to live above the world; our affections are weaned from its trifles; we feel a species of sacred indifference towards its vain concerns; the aspirations of the soul are directed to Heaven; there its hopes are fixed; and by faithful devotion it

shakes off the frailties that cling to its nature, till at length, when its earthly duties are expired, it is translated to the mansions of the sky. Endless is this ennobling subject; but I shall desist from further remarks, both because it would be superfluous in writing to *you*, and because, in the brief observations which I have already made, I believe I have included the sum total of natural and revealed religion. One remark, however, I would repeat, from a consciousness of its pre-eminent importance—that sincere devotion and humble prayer are the soul of religion, and constitute its most genuine criterion, and its most powerful support.

" And now let me descend from the grand principles of human action to the more particular points of conduct, which, though they may appear unimportant, if considered separately, are, in the aggregate, of no trifling moment.

" I would speak first of society. We imperceptibly acquire the habits of those with whom we are accustomed to associate; we imbibe their sentiments, and not unfrequently imitate them. Hence arises the infinite importance of properly selecting our company, since no language can express the benefit we may derive from the society of those whose minds are well directed, nor the

injury we may receive from those of a contrary character.

* * *

"You can never want for the most animating recreations, while the beauties of nature and the pages of literature are open to your view. And if any hesitation should arise in your mind as to the propriety of the advice I have given, simply ask yourself what line of conduct will ultimately afford you the most satisfaction;—to decline the general society of the world, and to seek pleasures from those alone, whose worth and whose affection have long been tried; or to go into the promiscuous companies of the weak and gay, where folly for ever predominates. But if you decline invitations, you may be deemed uncivil, be reproached with foolish singularity, and be ridiculed by your acquaintance! True; yet if we wish to do our duty, and to lead a life of true happiness, we must dare to be singular, and endure to be ridiculed and censured; otherwise we shall meet with double ridicule. We shall be laughed at for having been once what is called singular, and we shall be ridiculed still more for having been so weak as to be laughed out of our former resolutions. I know that these observations are altogether needless to convince *your* mind of the justness

of what I have said. But I know also how many difficulties you will have to encounter in doing what you wish, and what you know to be right; and therefore I am desirous to furnish you with arguments, which may fortify your mind. I know that your sentiments perfectly concur with mine; but as you will have the sentiments of the world in opposition to you, it is necessary that you should be prepared for the contest.

"And now to another subject, with which the ladies will say that I have no right to meddle; but when writing to my long-loved friend, I shall take the liberty of meddling with every subject that occurs to my mind:—I allude to dress. The generality of females inquire not what is becoming, but what is fashionable, and by fashion they have long been led into the most glaring improprieties, content to make a sacrifice of delicacy, and almost of decency. To be sure, a lady thus accoutred does but imitate her associates, and is admired for her reputed elegance and taste; but surely it savours of insanity to court applause and imitate others, to the dereliction of duty and propriety. There is no sight on earth that disgusts me more than a female arrayed according to the laws of modern fashion; by assuming such a figure she throws away the charm of modesty, which is the most lovely feature of female excellence; she may

attract a short-lived admiration by the appearance of her person, but she will never win the affections nor conciliate esteem. I am not going to give you a long lecture on these matters. You have no desire of admiration, or of empty praise to direct you in your appearance; I am sure that you will concur in my sentiments, and see nothing in them contrary to reason, however contrary they may be to fashion; I shall therefore say no more, except that I conceive that dress to be most becoming which is most modest, most reserved, most simple, and most plain. You see how freely I tell you my thoughts. I am sure you will not be angry with me, but thank me for doing so. Nor is it a matter of indifference, as many who have no other plea are anxious to inculcate; for it is by the manner in which we act as to externals, that the internal state of the mind will be shown. Those must of necessity be vain and foolish who yield in dress, or in any other instance, to the allurements of vanity and folly.

"The whole of these prolix and desultory remarks cannot be more powerfully enforced than by a brief reference to the sublime argument already mentioned, of the distinct nature of the soul from the body. This argument will apply with equal propriety to every subject. If the soul be of a divine essence, of everlasting duration, and if

the body be but a machine which the soul is to guide for a little time, how important is it that the soul be exalted above the vanities of earth by the influence of religion! How anxiously should it shun the degrading society of the children of vanity! How should it cultivate the pleasures of abstracted contemplation! How should it disdain to employ its cares in decorating the body, which will shortly go to the dust! How firmly should it resist the influence of fashion and custom! In a word, how constantly should it labour to rise superior to the body, to the earth, and to all the objects of time; and how should it, above all things, desire to be clothed with the garment of salvation, and thus to be found prepared when the Angel of Death shall come to remove it to the eternal world!

"There is another point which I mention with more hesitation, and upon which I shall speak with more diffidence, since in that you will not be an independent agent, but will proceed of course in a great degree under the direction of your mother. This is the education of your little sister.

"To suppose that this should be conducted and completed by you, would be irrational. But to give her the rudiments of knowledge, to direct her progress in the paths of childhood, and to transfuse the principles of your mind into hers, must be to you

an easy and pleasing office. As the *peculiar* branches of female education proceed, I *presume*, upon established laws, and are scarcely to be understood by any but your own sex, it will be most prudent and most becoming in *me*, to speak only on *general* subjects. Leaving you to guide her in secondary matters, as custom prescribes, I shall only notice what I conceive I may be allowed to understand, viz. the guidance of her mind: but even here I shall only suggest, and not direct.

"Inculcate with particular emphasis, even in her present early years, how innumerable are the pleasures and advantages to be derived from the perusal of the compositions of genius, that a love of reading may be fostered in her mind. This will be the best support and defence of her understanding and of her heart. It will leave her no hours of idleness, which are more fatal to virtue than even hours of dissipation. It will furnish her with maxims of wisdom, to guide her course, when she has no living adviser to consult; and a mind thus furnished has resources for pleasure for ever at its command, and Knowledge will smile upon it, with Honour and Contentment in her train. In conversing with her on subjects of religion, I advise you never to suffer an idea to enter her mind, of the controversial perplexities which have disgraced the Christian world, and impeded the progress of religion. Tell

her simply this: Man is a sinner, and, as such, deserved both present and future misery; but that, through the atonement which was made for our offences by the death of Christ, we may be reconciled to Heaven, if we forsake our sins, and labour to fulfil the divine commandments by such works as Christianity requires.

"This is the Christian faith: teach her this alone; never let her hear of Calvinism, Arminianism, or the other classes of polemic theologists. Teach her that the church of England is the most perfect of all religious establishments; let her therefore adhere to it; but let her at the same time regard with a friendly eye, her fellow-creatures of every persuasion; for universal benevolence and love are the distinguishing features of Christianity. You cannot impress religious principles upon the mind too early; yet you must watch for those opportunities, when she is in the humour of hearing serious conversation, and never say too much at a time. A few striking seasonable remarks, introduced without any formality, will produce a much more powerful effect than the most able discourse, if ill-timed, long, or formal.

"Do not set her to learn chapters or hymns.—Religion will be disgusting, when it is enforced as a task. To children perhaps it should be held forth as a privilege, rather than as a duty; for the

youthful heart recoils from every thing that savours of coercion. As to moral principles, they are included in religion, but I would advise you particularly to show her how important is one thing, for which (excuse me) your sex is not famous. I mean the keeping secrets, and detesting the execrable office of tale-bearer, and the flippancy of female conversation, which often leads to slander. If she is acquainted with the failings of others, teach her to conceal and not to publish them. Teach her to venerate the name of affection, the most generous and divine of all human passions, and let her look up to this for the sweetest pleasures of her life, as we, my friend, have done, and have not been disappointed. In speaking of education I am engaged on an endless subject, but I will add no more at present, except that you should rule your dear little sister by the control of affection alone, that she may come to you for instruction with joy, and not with reluctance. Thus, by the blessing of Heaven upon your labours, may your living sister resemble her who is now in a happier land, that thus she may become a pleasing and affectionate companion to you, till the joyful period arrives, when I shall claim you as my own.

"From these remarks concerning your sister, I would proceed, my dear friend, to a few suggestions relating to yourself, on subjects somewhat similar. I

would advise you to cultivate an acquaintance with the French writers, which will perfect your knowledge of their language; but your principal attention must be given, of course, to the writers in our own. Do not read novels. I am not one of those who raise a hue and cry against them as the bane of youth; but though they may do no positive harm to the mind, they certainly can do it no good; and the waste of so much time, as the perusal of one of them would require, is surely harm enough to cause their expulsion from every library. On subjects of religion, I would advise you to read nothing but the Bible, taking it as its own interpreter, and particularly the epistolary part of the New Testament. The history of every nation, both ancient and modern, I would wish you to read attentively. As to poetry, and works of general information, read whatever pleases your fancy, provided at the same time it is instructive as well as pleasing. I flatter myself that the works of the various writers with which I have had the pleasure of furnishing you, will afford you an ample repast in the literary way. But, after all, *to read* is not of so much importance as *to think*. Seek therefore, my beloved, the shades of solitude, and cultivate serious reflection and contemplative thought.—When we are most retired from the world, we approach the nearest to the happiness of Heaven.

And by habits of solitary meditation, the benefits of reading will be doubled, the pleasures of occasional society will be heightened, and all the enjoyments of active life will acquire a higher zest.

" From the care of the mind, allow me to descend to the care of the body; a subject of less importance indeed, but still of very high moment. On this I have said so much in the days that are gone, and in my former letters, that I have nothing now to add. By way of recapitulation, however, let me conjure you, as you value my earthly happiness, and your own, let your health be the object of your unceasing care.

* * *

" Follow this advice, my dear, with implicit obedience. I know it to be indispensably necessary, both to restore your constitution from the alarming injury it has received, and also to preserve it in health when it is happily restored. Anxious as I have always been concerning your health, I shall be a thousand times more anxious when parted from you. As you wish therefore to promote my peace, and to free me from distress, I beseech you take care of yourself, and attend to my solicitations, without deviating from them.

" On the familiar incidents of life, which are generally denominated trifles, but which, though

trifles in themselves, have no trifling influence in promoting the comfort or infelicity of the greater part of mankind, I have only one remark to make. When any circumstance occurs which vexes you, ask yourself, what you will think of the circumstance, and how much importance will attach to it when a month is past! Thus will all the mighty vexations of life dwindle into nothing!

" I would beg leave to enforce the whole of these desultory remarks, by a brief reference to the sublime argument I mentioned before, of the distinct nature of the soul from the body. This will apply with equal propriety to every subject I have noticed.

" Thus have I, with the undisguised freedom of a glowing heart, endeavoured to portray to the dear object of my affection, the sentiments that are uppermost in my mind: I have spoken indeed without the smallest reserve. That she will concur in my sentiments, I feel the fullest confidence; that she will undeviatingly attend to my advice, I am equally sure; and I know that she will receive this paper with the same feeling with which I have written it, and that she will welcome it to her bosom as the last token of affection which it is at present in my power to bestow.

" J. D. W."

March 25, 1809.

Having taken a violent cold in the winter, the pulmonary symptoms increased, and, towards the latter end of March 1809, a copious spitting of blood reduced him exceedingly, so that he became entirely a prisoner in his chamber. The utmost skill of his kind patron was exerted in his behalf, while his tender attentions, and those of each amiable member of his family, united with the presence of his mother, who was kindly invited to remain with him during his illness, concurred to palliate the disease, and render his situation as comfortable as possible. For a time, the malady appeared to yield in a slight measure to the remedies proposed, and he found himself capable of bearing a removal in Dr. Jenner's carriage to his mother's house in Bristol, about the end of May.

The following interesting note was addressed to his friend Mr. Biddulph, from his sick room at Berkeley:

TO THE REV. T. T. BIDDULPH.

"*Berkeley, Friday afternoon.*

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"I experienced a great disappointment on hearing that your visit to Berkeley was postponed. I longed to have seen you, that I might have en-

joyed your conversation περὶ τῶν μὴ βλεπομένων. Your kind letter was, indeed, a most welcome cordial to my mind. I need consolation; yet I feel that I have still greater need of instruction and advice. Since then there is no prospect of my being able as yet to receive these from you in person, as I have often had the privilege of doing, may I solicit the great favour of you to transmit them to me by correspondence (that happy substitute for conversation) when you have a leisure opportunity which you cannot better employ. I cannot but know how much you are engaged; yet, if it be in your power to favour me with such a letter as I have taken the liberty of soliciting, I know that your sympathetic feelings will prompt you to write, particularly when you are told that he who solicits your advice '*ægrotat animo magis quam corpore.*'

"This mental disease arises not from what poets call the '*immedicabile vulnus.*' My tender distresses brought me, indeed, in a great measure to my present state of bodily weakness; but they now are all removed, and peace on these matters is perfectly restored to my mind. The source of my concern is this: After having laboured (since I have had the power of labouring) in the acquisition of knowledge and the pursuit of praise, I ponder on what I have attained, and in spite of

the glossy arguments of infatuated fancy, the voice of conviction will be heard, pronouncing that all is vanity. Here then I have no resting-place for my soul. I seek it where I know it is to be found, but my thoughts are all dark and uncertain. I resolve to forsake the vanities and follies of former days, yet I cannot satisfy myself, whether this resolution proceeds from the judgment of the head, or the contrite feelings of the heart. I pray, not without earnestness, but am oppressed by the same mistrust, whether my applications are the aspirations of a sincere heart, or the effusions merely of the head. You see my state, my dear Sir. I live between hope and fear; but what I dread more than these mental tumults is, the deadly calm of a delusive peace. Pardon, my dear Sir, this garrulity. I can say no more through weakness.

"Ever your most truly obliged

"And affectionate servant,

"J. D. Worgan."

So great was the activity of Worgan's mind, that he found nothing so difficult to support as that vacancy of thought which was inculcated on him during his long confinement; and it was

found necessary, whenever he was able to sit up at all, to allow him a moderate us of his books, for the purpose of alleviating the ennui which want of occupation produced.

Before his illness, he had read with much pleasure the Enchiridion of Epictetus (a convenient pocket edition of which had been presented to him by his kind friend the Rev. William Davies, of Rockhampton) and he thought himself fortified by its philosophy against the adverse accidents of life, and the apprehension of death. That volume, with a variety of other books and papers, was lying on his table when a young friend called on him during his confinement. Pointing to the Epictetus, he said, "That is a book with which I was some time since delighted; I studied it, and thought myself, wrapt up in its philosophy, to be secure against all the storms of fate; but the security was quite theoretical. I have found the conclusions of proud reason to be very deficient for practical application. It is in the book of Revelation alone that the antidote to adversity is to be found. The consolation of a sick bed and of a dying hour must come from above."

Soon after his return to Bristol, he inquired of his mother the opinion which the medical gentleman who then attended him expressed of his case; and on being answered only by her tears, he

said, "Your tears speak; I have thought for this month past that I should not recover; I feel my strength gradually decreasing, and I know that I am in the second stage of a consumption. I must confess that I felt at the beginning of my illness a great desire to recover: I had just arranged my affairs respecting going to the University. Bright were my prospects, but how soon are they clouded! Oh, for entire resignation to the Divine will!"

Finding himself thus gradually sinking, although at times his mind was anxiously employed respecting the future fate of his papers, and the oblivion which he feared would enwrap his name; yet he endeavoured to throw off considerations such as these, and to devote himself to the great work of preparing for another world. The desire of literary distinction appears to have been the last earthly propensity that he felt; it had possessed a strong hold on his heart, but it was subdued. He had fully perceived the insufficiency of that philosophy which an acquaintance with Plato and the other sophists had familiarized to him. He *felt* that nothing but a revelation from above could afford relief suitable to the case of depraved nature; and the near view of a spiritual state of existence which he now had, urged him to seek reconciliation with God, through the mediation of the merciful Saviour of a lost world.

Addressing his mother one day, he said, "I have had a religious education, and I enjoyed it; it was always a pleasure to me from my childhood to attend the means of grace; I loved the house of God and the people of God; I approved of the doctrines of the Gospel, and through restraining grace I have been kept from the vices that young people are often drawn into: but all this is not sufficient; I have been very deficient in the vital and practical part of Christianity; I have much to mourn over, and I now feel, with death in my view, the necessity of a true conversion, of an entire change, a being 'born again.' I must know for myself, my interest in that salvation which Christ has wrought or purchased for sinners. Oh that my repentance may be sincere! I would not be deceived for worlds." This dread of self-deception affording prominent evidence of sincerity, was frequently and strongly expressed in various conversations which he held with his clerical friend before referred to.

The following short note was the last which employed his pen:

TO MR. T. S. BIDDULPH.

"*June* 30, 1809.

"Though I am sure, that my valued friend, Mr. T. Biddulph, will not forget me, though without the formality of a particular token of regard, yet I beg that, when I am no more, the poems of the Rev. Henry Moore be presented to him in my name. May the prevalent glow of piety animate his heart; and, from the admirable union of religion and poetry, may the former be sweeter to his taste as introduced by the latter. May all his pursuits be sanctified. Amidst the occupations of earth may he watch and pray; and may the object of all his studies be to promote the glory of the dear Redeemer. For the time will shortly come, when *he* shall learn (as *I* have done) that human knowledge, unsanctified, is an empty bubble, and that no wisdom will avail, but a knowledge of ourselves as sinners, and of Jesus Christ as our Saviour.

"JOHN D. WORGAN."

He was frequently in conversation with his mother, and often expressed his acknowledg-

ments for her tenderness and affectionate attentions to him; and would speak of the comfort that possessed his mind, even in the midst of afflictions so severe. "I have been," said he, "endeavouring to attain one of the highest seats in the literary world, but it is all vanity: I can now willingly resign it, to obtain the lowest seat in Heaven."

Filial piety, indeed, formed at this time a most interesting feature in his character; another, not less engaging, was his anxious desire to eradicate from his memory any injurious treatment which he had received, and to cultivate a spirit of good-will to all, accompanied by a hope that a similar disposition would be extended towards him by any whom he had the misfortune to have offended. "I have earnestly prayed," said he, "that God would remove every thing of an unpleasant nature from my mind, and that I might, from my heart, forgive those few persons who have treated me with unkindness; and I have been enabled not only to forgive them, but to pray for them; and my mind is in perfect peace with every one. I can truly say, I am happy, very happy."

On the 17th of July he took an affectionate farewell of his younger brother and his sister, exhorting them to shun the vanities of the world, and to devote their hearts to the service of God. He afterwards, with one or two of his most in-

timate friends, received the Holy Sacrament. The ceremony, as might be expected in such circumstances, was peculiarly striking—solemnity and devotion marked the countenance and the conduct of the youthful saint, while he joined in it.

He now felt that his prospects were brightening every moment. The benighted inhabitants of the frigid zone, on whose plains the sun sheds not his cheering beams for many succeeding months of darkness and desolation, are said to climb their highest mountains, to watch with eager anxiety, and to welcome with grateful rapture, the first genial ray which gilds their summits. Such was the situation of Worgan; from the eminence of Christian hope, he awaited with lively joy that dayspring from on high which was about to dawn on his aspiring soul, to dispel the shades of mortal ignorance and misery, and to diffuse a mild radiance around his unfettered spirit through ages without an end.

A hemorrhage from the lungs at length attended the other symptoms, and generally attacked him in the middle of the night, reducing him to the greatest state of weakness, and continually threatening suffocation; by which it was evident he would soon be relieved from all his troubles. Observing his mother in tears, he said, "My beloved mother, do not grieve, but rejoice; I am

going from a world of sin and sorrow to never-ceasing joy; my dear Saviour hath, in answer to our united prayers, perfectly tranquillized my mind; every cloud is removed. Oh, thou God of compassion, great are thy mercies to me!" On the day preceding the night of his departure, being the 24th of July, he was very particular in an examination of the grounds of his confidence in the Divine favour. In the evening he said, "I am happy, inexpressibly happy; and if it should please God to call me home to-night, I can now go as a poor sinner, relying on my Saviour's righteousness, and appear in the presence of God without fear or dismay."

In the course of the night, he frequently inquired the hour, and was much employed in private prayer. At one he desired to be supported in his bed, saying, "This is about the time." A celestial brightness suffused the countenance of the dying saint, while, in tranquil confidence, he awaited his conflict with the King of Terrors. Within an hour afterwards the hemorrhage came on, and he exclaimed, "Gracious Saviour, help me—gracious Saviour, support me!" Becoming speechless, he expressed the comfort of his mind to his mother by a significant smile, and shortly after expired without a struggle or groan.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; even

so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

In person Worgan was tall, and remarkably spare in habit; his countenance indicated great mildness and steadiness of disposition, but was not in other respects the mirror of his mind. A certain air of originality, however, sufficiently marked that he was not "in the roll of common men." His eyesight failed him early, and he was obliged, from his first years of application, to have recourse to the assistance of glasses, both in reading and writing. To these he was so well accustomed, that before he attained his eleventh year, he could make use of them on any occasion with the composure and gravity of a man whom *age* had driven to seek this extraneous aid.

In Worgan's character, various and opposite qualities seem to have been united. That his judgment was unusually matured, and his mind formed for deep and intimate investigation, appears from the nature and intenseness of his studies, whilst his poetic effusions prove that he was alive to the soft and refined pleasures which flow from a lively imagination and delicate sensibility.

Yet he steered clear of the negligence of the philosopher, and the eccentricities of the man of genius, and attended to each of his various pursuits with as much method in his plan of study and diligence in his progress, as if it had been the only one to which he was devoted. He experienced none of those sudden transitions from intellectual energy and inspiration, to inability and depression, which often mark the towering genius; he shone (if such an expression may be applied to one who was unheeded beyond his own narrow circle) with the steady light of the regulated planet, rather than with the short-lived flash of meteoric brilliancy. Naturally fond of retirement, and confirmed in habits of seclusion by his thirst for literary knowledge, he nevertheless enjoyed society, and was particularly easy and pleasant in conversation, which a very retentive memory enabled him to embellish by apt quotations and interesting anecdotes.

He was reserved, and had an appearance of apathy; yet perhaps there never was a mind more truly formed for friendship, or more keenly alive to the tenderest affections of the heart.

Persevering industry seems to be the most prominent feature of his character: this, aided by the desire of literary fame, enabled him to overcome his natural antipathy to the study of lan-

guages, and to attain considerable proficiency in Hebrew, as well as the Classics, French, and Italian.

The religious education with which he was favoured, and which he appears to have prized (though perhaps he was never fully sensible of its value till affliction convinced him that this world ought to be a scene of preparation for the next) gave a bias of piety to his mind which maintained its comparative influence through life, even before he so felt the vital power of godliness, as to perceive the emptiness of all human attainments, honours, and enjoyments. Hence his standard of morality was pure and exalted, and hence arose the integrity and simplicity which marked his character.

But the seclusion from the world which was the lot of his early life, whilst it tended to preserve his simplicity and purity, induced him to be too much attached to his own views and habits, and laid him more open to the pernicious influence of adulation and applause which his talents excited, and which at one period produced a slight effect in his manners and conversation. He was certainly conscious of the superior nature of his abilities, and felt a confidence and complacency which led him sometimes to set too high a value on his own judgment and opinions. Yet to his

natural good sense it must be attributed, that his mind suffered no greater injury from the suggestions of vanity.

It is also to be feared that he had not learnt the necessity of restraining the warmth of his imagination;—his chief failing was an excess of literary pride, which might have proved a dangerous rock had his life been spared. But from every danger into which this ruling passion might have led, and from every sorrow to which refined taste and the keenest sensibility would have exposed him, he has been delivered; and, released from every care and every fear, is now admitted, in the mansions of the blessed, to those heavenly joys to which his devout soul had long aspired.

LETTERS, &c.

TO MR. ——

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE to apologize to you for not executing a commission with which you entrusted me. I have not presented to —— the copy of Gregory's *Father's Legacy to his Daughters*, which you enclosed for her in your last packet to me.

I called upon her a few mornings ago with the book in my pocket, intending to deliver it to her. She was not at home; and for the purpose of beguiling my solitude, while sitting in her parlour awaiting her return, I took out the book, and perused a few pages in the concluding chapter. But I met with so many passages which appeared to me of an objectionable nature, that I deemed it my duty to return the volume to my pocket, in-

stead of presenting it to her, as I could not honestly put a work into her hands, some of the doctrines of which are of so ruinous a tendency.

I conceived that you must have been induced to purchase it from the celebrity it has acquired, without giving it a perusal yourself; and, accordingly, I have returned it to you, that you may dispose of it as you think proper on a further consideration of its contents.

You express your surprise at my disapprobation of Dr. Gregory's popular work. If you will allow me to dispute your opinion, to which, without flattery, I ever attach the greatest respect, I will point out the passages which I think objectionable, and briefly state the reasons of my disapprobation. I feel it a duty incumbent upon me to give you my sentiments with sincerity, since, if *you* recommend the volume, your friends will consider its principles as incontrovertibly just.

The design of the work is highly commendable, and it was doubtless written with the purest motives. The youthful part of the fair sex have the strongest claim upon the notice of the moral philosopher, for of all other rational beings they have the greatest need of advice. But those admonitions can produce but little effect upon a glowing heart, and a vivid imagination, which dwell upon punctilios in the conduct, passing over the grand

principles of human action. This is the characteristic defect of Dr. Gregory's work. It is replete with frivolities, and totally destitute of those convincing, irresistible arguments which come with energy to the heart. Read his chapter on Religion, and tell me if your sense of the importance of religion is strengthened by the arguments there adduced. He shows the expediency of religion; but religion is not a question of expediency—it is a matter of duty and necessity. We must be Christians, not because devotion is a soothing companion in our mortal pilgrimage, but because it is indispensably requisite to rescue us from everlasting perdition. But what is the religion Dr. Gregory inculcates? An attendance on public worship—private devotions, and charitable offices. We hear nothing of the renewing change in the heart and life, which constitutes the soul of religion, and which is naturally productive of every private and social virtue. One consideration deduced from the declarations of unerring Wisdom will ever be accompanied with more powerful influence on the mind than a thousand secondary arguments. He cautions his daughters to avoid religious conversation in mixed companies. In many situations this advice may be correct; but the honest zeal which advocates the cause of religion on all occasions, is preferable to the bashfulness on religious subjects,

which has long been so disgraceful a feature of fashionable society.

The succeeding chapters are interspersed with valuable observations; but I regret that a man of Dr. Gregory's character should have spoken so mildly on modern public amusements, and theatrical entertainments. Nor can I agree to his exception in favour of tragedy. Do not call me a stern misanthropist. I am the strenuous advocate of innocent amusement; but the amusements of the stage are not innocent, either to those who afford entertainment, or to those who are entertained. I am therefore at a loss to conceive upon what principle they can be vindicated by any man who entertains the smallest regard for the interests of virtue and piety. Strange that the most fruitful sources of immorality should be so warmly eulogized in a work, the proposed object of which is to enforce religious principles!

But my paper and my patience are both exhausted. I must therefore defer the sequel of my remarks to another letter. I trust you will receive my animadversions with your usual candour. Be assured that they originate from no other motive than the most disinterested friendship, and an anxious desire to serve the cause of truth.

Yours, &c.

JOHN DAWES WORGAN.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM happy to find that you are not displeased with my so freely controverting your opinion, and disputing your judgment, in my last letter. I shall now, in pursuance of my design, and agreeably to your request, proceed in my animadversions on Dr. Gregory's work. Painful is the task to oppose the popular opinion, and to censure a composition which has long been generally admired by a numerous class of readers.

After calling in question the sentiments which Dr. G. has delivered on the subject of religion, and inquiring into the expediency of sending the fair sex to seek for rational and virtuous recreations in mansions that are dedicated to the most irrational follies and vices, it remains to notice the advice he has given his daughters, on a subject which of all others is the most delicate, which requires the greatest discernment, and the most intimate knowledge of the human heart. You may guess, without referring to the work, that the subject to which I allude is the forming con-

nexions that are to be coeval with life. The sum total of all the advice that can be given on this tender topic is simply this,—Follow nature; tread in the course which she directs, lighted on your way by prudence and delicacy. This is a matter of the heart, and consequently the feelings of the heart alone are to be consulted. To them alone we must appeal; and when we faithfully obey their genuine impulse, we shall not be in much danger of falling into error. Yet, pitiful to behold! Dr. Gregory's chapter upon this most momentous topic is totally dedicated to frivolous admonitions on trifling points of propriety and etiquette. His precepts are calculated to render the female who shall follow them a moving puppet. Fashion is substituted for nature, and a system of affectation and deceit is plausibly introduced under the specious name of delicacy. But does delicacy require us to assume an air of coldness when our hearts are warm? Does it direct us to lead a life of perpetual restraint in our intercourse with those who are dearest to our hearts? and does it enjoin the female sex for ever to belie their own feelings? Dr. Gregory advises his daughters respecting their conduct to the man whom they may prefer to others,—If you love him, let me advise you never to discover to him the full extent of your love; no,

not although you marry him. This sufficiently shows your preference, which is all he is entitled to know. Execrable thought! The soul must be dead to the best sentiments of our nature, that could inculcate or could follow such advice. What is it that constitutes the felicity of the conjugal condition? It is the mutual participation of every feeling; it is the magic union of congenial souls; it is the reciprocal assurance of unalterable and unlimited affection. But, if Dr. G.'s doctrine be just, farewell to domestic happiness, farewell to that boundless confidence, without which affection is but an imaginary phantom and a sounding name. The unhappy mortal who shall act upon such unnatural principles will nip the roses of love in their bloom, but the thorn will remain for ever: for the moment we deviate from the path of nature, we enter into the labyrinth of folly, and our wanderings will terminate in the bitterest distress.

There are numerous particulars in Dr. G.'s volume which appear to me to betray a singular perversion of judgment; but I will not trouble you with further details. If the preceding animadversions be just, it will appear that this little volume, notwithstanding its popularity, is of a nature not simply erroneous, but highly dangerous on the im-

portant points of religion, amusements, and the highest and tenderest kind of friendship.

I am, my dear friend,

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN DAWES WORGAN.

TO ——

* * *

I HAVE sent you Hunt's Poem's. Hunt, when he published, was but sixteen, and his metrical compositions are uncommonly good for his years. Originality of thought is not to be expected from boys like him and myself; and if we rhyme decently, the critics and yourself must be contented. I, however, am rather too prudent to challenge the approbation of the critics, since I have not yet been fortunate enough to obtain the approbation of my own judgment, which you may easily conceive is not hypercritical. Yet the pieces which I composed two years ago I have lately consigned to the flames, and it is very probable that my present compositions will meet with a similar doom before two years more are elapsed.

* * *

TO ——

* * *

THE great cause of the prevalence of vice, is the facility with which the conscience is appeased, and its loudest remonstrances stifled. The wishes of the heart of man are naturally prone to error; and if he can find any specious pretext for his conduct, he will boldly follow the dictates of inclination. It is no difficult matter for the children of error to persuade themselves that their follies are virtues, and that their most culpable practices are necessary and expedient. We readily believe what we wish to be true. Passion lulls the internal monitor to sleep, and they dance contentedly along the paths of death, persuading themselves that they are in the paths of rectitude, and perhaps of duty. Conscious of the universal frailty of the human heart, and the deceitful charm of pleasure, I look upon those who labour under its delusions with sincere pity and compassion.

* * *

TO ——

MY DEAR MADAM,

THE poems and miscellaneous works of Mr. Addison I have marked as usual, and returned for your perusal: and I would recommend you to give them particular attention. They were primarily composed in Latin, and the originals are prefixed; but I will be contented if *you* diligently read them in the English translation. The poem on the Peace of Ryswick is peculiarly elegant and animated. Boileau, a celebrated French satirist and critic, was accustomed to ridicule English poetry, and said that England was too stupid a country to produce any thing truly poetical. Upon the perusal of this poem of Addison, he was so struck with its beauties, that he immediately altered his tone, and said that England *might* produce geniuses with uncommon poetical abilities; at the same time he remarked, that British poets are *men*, not *children*: they cannot *play*, like the French and Italians, but they can soar to a height, to which no French or Italian poet ever attained. Boileau lived to see his observation most amply verified: for, before his decease, Pope, Swift, Young, Thomson, Dryden,

Milton, Tickell, and a multitude of others, illuminated the hemisphere of British poetry, and, after having surpassed all the moderns, nearly rivalled the glory of the ancients. The Description of the Resurrection is a masterly production: the idea is taken from the Altar-piece of Magdalen College, Oxon: an accurate delineation of which is prefixed, page 93. Of the other poems, I have marked the best.

The Treatise on the Roman Poets you should attentively read, in the original, if you please; or if not, in the translation. The other extracts are marked.

The Autumnal Evening's Ride is a most delightful poem. It was written by a son of Dr. Matthews, M. P. for Hereford, who died before he attained his twenty-first year. The rhyming verses at the end were written by his disconsolate father. The descriptions of young Matthews are so natural, and such a vein of sympathy pervades the whole, and there is united such a glow of poetical sentiment and imagery, that I cannot help thinking, that if Matthews had lived, he would have made one of the greatest poets this age has produced.

The Beauties of Shakespeare are all to be found in the Elegant Extracts, and therefore I have detained the volume.

Scott's Force of Truth contains an uncommonly interresting narrative. He was progressively a nominal Churchman, an Arian, a Socinian, and a Deist; at length, however, *truth was triumphant.* By Divine assistance, unaided by human means, he was led to serious reflection. Genuine conversion followed; he was convinced of the folly and error of his former sentiments and life, and, through the aid of Him who alone can order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men, he continues to this day a zealous champion of the Christian Church. May God impart unto us a similar blessing! May we (as we read) feel *the force of truth*, and act agreeably to its precepts! The Sermons on Repentance, at the end, deserve your serious notice.

My Italian proceeds but languidly. This dull weather stupifies me. I find it, however, a charming language, and the better I understand it, the more I admire it. I hope *you* will set me an example of diligence, by prosecuting your French; for, as you have no Hebrew interruptions, you have now no excuse. My Grammar is nearly stationary: it will be finished in a month, instead of a week; for I am grown unaccountably lazy.

J. D. W.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JUVENILE REPOSITORY.

December 20, 1807.

MR. EDITOR,

IN your "*Review of the Improvements in scientific Knowledge, since the Commencement of the eighteenth Century,*" you have justly observed, that "*the literary taste of the present day is certainly degenerated;—that instances of solid learning are very rare, while a kind of general and superficial knowledge, drawn from Encyclopædias, and other similar publications, is very universal.*" Allow me to specify a few peculiar absurdities into which men are frequently led by the superficial knowledge of which you complain, and to notice its causes and effects.

The extensive diffusion of knowledge through every circle of society, which has been effected by the multitudes of alluring literary and scientific publications produced in the last century, has completely disarmed learning of the terrors in which it was formerly arrayed, and rendered a tolerable smattering of the most celebrated authors indispensably necessary to a fashionable and polite education. The numberless Magazines, Epitomes, Selections, Beauties, Reviews, Essays, &c. &c. &c.

which are perpetually issuing from the press, are perused with avidity by many who would have started aghast at the sight of the folios and quartos which frowned in the libraries of our great-grandfathers. The beneficial effects of these pleasing publications are easily discernible; for, to the credit of the present age be it spoken, most of our beaux can write their amatory epistles without Entick lying at their elbow, and half of the modern fine ladies can venture to send an invitation-card without the assistance of Dyche, Dilworth, or the Polite Letter-writer. For the most ignorant cannot rest contented unless they can converse and write without flagrant errors; and those who can gabble with the greatest volubility, tell the most incredible tales, or write with the greatest fluency, are sure to be esteemed the most learned men, and the most agreeable and entertaining companions.

The course of my acquaintance has led me to notice one species of learned absurdity which is peculiarly ridiculous. This is the inordinate desire for quotations, or rather mis-quotations, which influences the tongue of every man whose knowledge has reached to Enfield's Speaker. The copious list of detached sentences prefixed to that work, the subjects for themes which are given to school-boys, or college-boys, and the mottos of

essays and novels, are sufficient to supply the mind with inexhaustible stores, from which the *Aureæ Sententiæ* may be drawn at will, either in epistolary writings, in works designed for the public, or in conversation.

I received the other day a letter from a worthy and sensible friend, in which he expatiated on afflictions which he had been recently called to sustain. "However," concluded he, "as Dryden has finely remarked,

To hope for perfect happiness is vain.—

And I have fully experienced the truth of Dr. Young's beautiful observation in his Night Thoughts,

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head."

A pleasant volume of poems, entitled Visions of Memory, was some time ago published at Plymouth, the motto to which is

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juva*bunt*.
HORACE.

I have seen those well-known lines, "*Ultima semper expectanda dies, &c.*" quoted and ascribed severally to Horace, Virgil, Lucretius, Statius,

Lucan, and Ausonius; but seldom ascribed to their real author. I have heard "*Quis talia fando*," and the subsequent verses, quoted as belonging to Cicero; and (which is perhaps the apex of absurdity) a person who generally passes for a classical scholar and a judicious critic, mentioned in conversation the other morning, that energetic line of Pindar,

Hic murus aheneus esto, &c. ! !

With respect to works of genius, particularly of poetry, an equal pretension to knowledge, and almost equal ignorance, prevail. I was told this evening by a gentleman, that there was no poem which delighted him so much as Pope's Deserted Village. "The account of Auburn, and the minute descriptions of its scenes," said he, "are beautiful. I wonder how Pope could write so feelingly; for sublimity and pathos, however," added he, "there is nothing, in my opinion, superior to Goldsmith's Elegy in the Country Church yard. That is a fine line of his:

The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

A thousand similar examples could be adduced: but that it is needless. It would only exhaust the patience of the reader, and weary the writer. The instances already mentioned are, however, suffi-

cient to evince the invariable accuracy of Pope's observation,

A little learning is a dangerous thing:
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

* * *

TO MR. HENRY BIDDULPH.

Cheltenham, February 27, 1808.

MY DEAR HENRY,

MOST sincerely do I congratulate you on the happy alteration which has lately taken place in the studies that are destined in future to occupy your attention. The pursuits to which you are at present devoted, are adapted to what I always conceived to be the turn of your mind. The pleasures they afford are the most exalted, the most permanent, and the most satisfactory: and the pure delights attendant on the office of a faithful Minister of Jesus Christ, must more than counterbalance the advantages of the concern which you have wisely relinquished. In the pleasure I feel on this occasion, I candidly confess that I am somewhat *selfish*; for I am not a little rejoiced in the idea, that in all probability we

may one day become fellow-students, and perhaps fellow-ministers. And while we are engaged in the acquisition of that knowledge, which is necessary for our future life, and are secluded in the bowers of Academus, I may indulge a reasonable hope that we shall be able to renew and to improve that friendship, which afforded me so much pleasure in the noisy mansions at the Fort. In childhood we spent many cheerful hours together. We knelt together in the temple of the Lord of Hosts, and solemnly dedicated ourselves to his service; and I trust we may hereafter be enabled to join together in unwearied exertions to fulfil the awful engagements into which we jointly entered, and unite in devoting the noblest faculties and purest energies of our souls to the glory of Him, from whose unmerited bounty they were derived.

Will you permit me to inquire what authors you are at present reading, and what course of study you follow? I envy your secluded situation, and the facilities you enjoy. I am obliged exclusively to depend upon my own resources, which are not over-numerous; so that of late I have read little, except Mounteney's Demosthenes, and Pearce's Longinus, and that sublimer volume which teaches us how to live, and how to die.

It not unfrequently happens that I fall in with

some of our old school-fellows. I lately met with ——, who tells me that he goes to a large school in the vicinity of ——. His friends, I find, intend to do him up into an *honourable* parson, and he is shortly going to Oxford.

May I take the liberty of asking, at what period you purpose removing to college? My own removal is destined (as far as circumstances at present enable me to judge) for October 1809. You will probably take the start of me.

When you have a leisure moment, I need not tell you how great a satisfaction a letter from you would always afford me. Accept the assurances of my sincere regard, and believe me to be,

Most truly and affectionately yours,

JOHN DAWES WORGAN.

TO THE REV. T. T. BIDDULPH.

Cheltenham, February 1808.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

ON communicating to Dr. Jenner your description of the appearances that followed vaccine inoculation in the arm of your little girl, he requested me to inform you, that he is at present fully satisfied that the former inoculation was pro-

perly efficacious. In fulfilling this request, I eagerly embrace the opportunity of returning my grateful acknowledgments for your truly obliging letter; for the sentiments of friendship which it breathed, and the excellent advice which it contained.

My thoughts, as you know, have been harassed in the most distressing manner by a variety of concurring evils, particularly by *one*, of a tender nature, which has probed my heart to the bottom. I stand in a painful dilemma between doubt and hope, between appearance and uncertainty, between duty and inclination. My heart, however, is inspired with a lively confidence, that the Almighty Disposer of the affairs of men will continue to direct my course. May He, whose will I humbly desire to perform, alleviate the pangs of grief, and solace my desponding soul with the prospect of brighter joys, and of a happiness more permanent and sublime! My times are in his hand. May He deliver me from those whose hearts are set on vanity; and, above all, may He deliver my own heart from vanity!

* * *

The printed poem, which I have taken the liberty of enclosing, is to be read before the Royal Jennerian Society, on their anniversary festival,

May 17, which is Dr. Jenner's birth-day, and is regularly commemorated by a splendid dinner at the Crown and Anchor Tavern; on which occasion the Duke of York ordinarily presides. In a poem to be presented on such an occasion, before such a company, you may naturally conceive that I should wish to attain the greatest possible accuracy. A person who writes upon a contested subject should possess the eyes of Argus, to detect the slightest inaccuracies, since a *chosen band* are sworn in, to ridicule and revile him. This consideration induces me to entreat my friends to exercise the greatest critical severity, in granting my verses the most thorough *scrutinization*, and to notice the most trivial errors. And if, when you have a leisure moment, you would have the great goodness to review them with a critical eye, and to favour me with your observations upon them, you would confer a particular obligation upon me, in addition to the many, under which your kindness has already laid me. And I should feel equally indebted to your son, and to Miss ——, if they would furnish me with any animadversions upon them, and freely expunge, correct, or amplify.

I was most truly rejoiced to hear of my friend Henry's determination to forsake the pursuits of mercantile life, for studies of a nobler tendency:

and I must confess that I am somewhat selfish in my feelings of joy on the occasion; since I may, not unreasonably, indulge an expectation, that we may one day be united in our academical occupations, and renew that friendship which formerly afforded me so much pleasure in the busy hours of childhood.

An extraordinary determination of blood to the brain, which vehemently affected my eyesight, and somewhat endangered my senses, obliged me to desist from my studies for a considerable time, and at present I have but partially renewed them. Thanks to the mercies of the All-disposing Power, the apprehension of danger is now entirely past: and, as the tranquillity of my mind is re-established, and my head much relieved by Dr. Jenner's advice, I trust, through the divine blessing, I shall shortly be able to return to my ordinary employments. And may the restoration of my health, and of my mental powers, be accompanied by a renewed dedication of the whole to the service of Him, from whose bounty they are derived, that in prosperity and adversity, in sickness and health, in youth and age, in life and death, the Lord Jehovah may be my strength and my song. I feel myself placed in a dangerous path, with allurements on each side. May his grace be sufficient for me, and guide my steps in the "narrow way."

Pardon me, my dear Sir, for having obtruded upon your time and patience by so long and incoherent a scrawl. Let me once more beg you to remember me at the throne of grace, and believe me to be

Your highly obliged, and ever faithful servant,

JOHN DAWES WORGAN.

TO MR. D. G. WAIT.

Berkeley, November 24, 1808.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR letters of October the 6th, and of the 18th instant, I have not till this week received, by a strange delay, for which I am unable to account. I embrace the earliest opportunity of acknowledging their arrival, and also of informing you that Dr. Jenner returned to this place yesterday evening.

I am not at all surprised to hear of your having renounced your Hebrew for Italian studies; and the imputation of *fickleness*, which you bring against yourself, is equally applicable to *me*; for, after I had a little regaled myself with the beauties of the Italian poets, I must candidly confess

that the Hebrew appeared a dull and cheerless pursuit. As I had few opportunities of procuring books, when I began learning Italian, I was obliged to confine myself to the use of Baretti's Dictionary, and the Grammar prefixed to it. Baretti, taken all in all, is perhaps superior to any other writer on the Italian language. In many grammatical points, however, I found him so deficient, that I was induced to have recourse to Graglia's Grammar and Exercises, which answered my utmost wishes, and which (if you have not seen them) you would find particularly useful. My Italian library consisted of Pastor Fido, Petrarch, and Metastasio. As there was little congenial to my fancy in the works of Metastasio, or in the Pastor Fido, I confined my attention to Petrarch's Sonnets, which I read and re-read with increasing admiration, and of some of which it is my intention to attempt an English version. Have you ever met with a translation of them? I have seen but one, and that is intolerably dull, and shamefully perverts the meaning of almost every sentence. Should you know of any translation, I shall be much obliged to you to acquaint me with the names of the author and the publisher. And, as my knowledge of the Italian is as yet but very partial, and I am anxious to improve it, I should esteem it a favour, if, when you have a leisure hour,

you would be kind enough to inform me what elementary works you use, and if you know of any dictionary preferable to Baretti's, and also if you have adopted any particular plan of study.

Believe me to be, dear Sir,

Most sincerely yours,

JOHN DAWES WORGAN.

TO THE REV. T. T. BIDDULPH.

Cheltenham, March 29, 1808.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

AS so favourable an opportunity of sending a letter to Bristol has unexpectedly occurred, I cannot resist the temptation of once more adding to the daily troubles of your correspondence, by returning you my most sincere thanks for the judicious animadversions with which you honoured the Jennerian Address. In the propriety of the major part of your friendly remarks, I most fully and gratefully coincide. Yet there is one, which brings against me an impeachment of *high crimes and misdemeanours*, and of *disloyalty* to the supreme Potentate;—an impeachment, which in justice to myself I must take the liberty of contro-

verting, and offer an explanation in my own defence.

In one part of the poem I have said:

> In vain would Envy, with her venal sword,
> Assail that name by distant climes *ador'd*.

Upon this passage you inquire, "*By what other word can the worship of the Supreme Being be expressed?*" The tenour of this observation is undoubtedly correct. But this adoration of Dr. Jenner is not an hyperbolical phantom of my own creation, but an indubitable fact, narrated by Dr. Ballhorn and Mr. Stromeyer of Hanover, in their writings on Vaccination. On may 17th, Dr. Jenner's birth-day, a universal holiday is regularly proclaimed in many of the towns and villages of Germany, particularly in the neighbourhood of Hanover. A kind of altar is erected, on which Dr. Jenner's bust is placed, adorned with roses and garlands. On the front of the altar is inscribed "*Viro de matribus, de pueris, de populis bene merito.*" The trumpets sound. Cows, covered with wreaths, are led in triumph. The inhabitants of the town then advance in procession, dressed in uniform, and having Dr. Jenner's head impressed upon their buttons. They then dance round the altar, and conclude by singing their grateful songs to the name of Jenner. Far be it

from me to entertain an opinion, that such an example is worthy of our imitation. We have enjoyed our superior religious advantages to little purpose, if we are not deeply conscious that our thanksgivings for every blessing should be exclusively addressed to the great First Cause of all. I simply alluded to the circumstance as an exemplification of the proverb, "A prophet shall receive honour, except in his native country." Go to London, and we find Dr. Jenner's character depreciated by invidious and malicious individuals. Cross the German Sea, and we find him adored. Perhaps it may not be amiss to insert a note at the conclusion of the poem, containing an explanation of the custom to which the allusion is made.

And now, my dear Sir, you must permit me to enter my protest against one part of your note, in which you do most sadly calumniate one of the best and dearest of my friends. You say, "*that he is no poet, nor the son of a poet.*" Who was that person who some years ago published "*Original Poems*," and an Elegy on Mr. Cadogan's death? Was he a relation of your family, or was it merely a coincidence of name? *Sapientes sapientiam suam ignorant.*

For the good wishes you have kindly expressed for my welfare, I feel myself more indebted to

your partiality than I am capable of acknowledging. Their value is particularly enhanced by the consideration that they relate to my eternal, as well as my temporal happiness. Your exertions for my temporal advantage have been crowned with success far beyond my expectations or deserts. May your wishes for my spiritual welfare be equally accompanied with the blessing of Him, who can turn the rock into a standing water, and the flint into a fountain of waters!

Believe me to be your ever faithful servant,

J. D. W.

TO ——

December 1808.

* * *

I HAVE just received a letter, which informs me of a most melancholy accident which has happened to one of the dearest of my friends. By a wonderful congeniality of disposition, we were united in the firmest friendship; I loved him as a brother. He was riding out a few days ago, when his horse started, threw him, and dragged him rapidly along, till his skull was fractured. He

languished in unutterable agonies for eight days, and expired on Sunday morning. Young as I am, I am sick of life. I see the friends of my heart separated from me by the cruel hand of death, or the more cruel hand of malice. My joys are rapidly departing, my sorrows continually increase. Oh life! what art thou but a thorny wilderness? The expectation of a future life is the only consolation I can find to support me in the miseries of this. Some few years I must linger in this vale of tears; but my journey will soon be over. It will not be long before my heart shall cease to throb, and my pulse to beat. Oh! while the blood yet circulates in my veins, may my affections be set upon another and a better world, where long-separated friends shall be united to part no more, and shall dwell in the fulness of everlasting delight! Adieu.

J. D. W.

TO MR. D. G. WAIT.

Berkeley, December 14, 1808.

DEAR SIR,

MY best thanks are due to you, for your two obliging letters, and their very interesting contents. I was much gratified by the perusal of

your animated tribute to the memory of poor dear Collings. His melancholy doom prompted the following effusion, with a sight of which perhaps you will not be displeased.

SONNET.

OCCASIONED BY THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A YOUTHFUL FRIEND.

Child of the dawn, with sparkling dew-drops crown'd,
I mark'd the Rose her blusing charms unfold;—
Ere yonder hills were ting'd with evening gold,
Nipt by the blast she wither'd on the ground.
Daughter of Beauty! transient is thy date,
But ah! as transient is the date of Man;
The hour, that fix'd thy bloom's uncertain span.
Consign'd my JUNIUS to the grasp of Fate.
Sons of mortality!—the tidings hear!
Blithe as the lark he hail'd the rising day,
Yet, ere the dew-star veils her lucent ray,
He lies all breathless on the blood-stain'd bier.
Alas! I tremble at the dread decree:
To-morrow's dawn may sound a knell for *me*.

J. D. W.

I feel particularly obliged for the information you have given me respecting the new translation of Petrarch's sonnets, and the animadversions of the Critical Reviewers on his poetic character. But

I cannot find words sufficiently strong, to express my disgust at the shameless manner in which these harpies of literature have insulted the memory of the sweetest of poets. Every Homer will have his Zoilus. But Petrarch's productions will continue to command the admiration of the world, when the Critical Reviewers are buried in everlasting oblivion; and his sweet enchanting strains will find an echo in every feeling heart, when the herd of pedantic critics are swept into the shades of night. I had rather be the author of Petrarch's thirty-eighth sonnet, on the death of Laura, than of all the dissertations that ever appeared in the Critical Review.

I will not trouble you for any further account of the observations of these pseudo-critics; yet if you could conveniently favour me with a copy of any extracts from the translation of Petrarch, which my be inserted in the Review, you would in a particular manner oblige me.

I have a copy of thirty of the sonnets, and three of the odes of Petrarch, both in the original and with an anonymous English translation. If you are inclined to judge of Petrarch for yourself, I will with pleasure send you this volume. In some of the sonnets on "Laura living," there are certainly many quaint conceits, but these are universally to be found in the Italian writers. His

occasional obscurities are entirely to be attributed to the imperfect state of the Italian language at the period in which he flourished. But his sonnets on "Laura dead" are the most exquisitely beautiful which any language has produced. There is in them a vein of luxuriant imagery, and a glow of pathetic sentiment, which must charm every reader of sensibility, and which have deservedly immortalized their author's name. I have enclosed two of them in an English dress;* When you have read them, I believe you will not agree with the Critical Reviewers in their opinion of Petrarch's merits.

* * *

Believe me ever most truly yours,

JOHN DAWES WORGAN.

TO THE REV. T. T. BIDDULPH.

Berkeley, December 15, 1808.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

THE two last letters, with which I troubled you, were occupied in a painful vindication

* They will be found at the end of the Sonnets in this volume.

of my character and conduct, with reference to a well-known subject. As this once distressing affair at present sleeps in peace, I will not call it into life again, by unnecessarily provoking a discussion of it. But I cannot satisfy my feelings, without repeating to you the assurance of the gratitude I feel, for the true friendship and kind liberality, which you manifested towards me during the whole of the business.

* * *

Farewell then, for the present, to a subject which has been the source of the sweetest pleasures and bitterest distresses of my life. I have now another concern to occupy my attention, upon which I beg leave, my most valued friend, to solicit a renewal of the kindness, which, on many former occasions, you have shown me, in favouring me with your opinion and advice. I allude to the steps, which it will be necessary for me to take, respecting my entrance into the University. In a few months, the period of three years which I engaged to remain with Dr. Jenner, will have expired. My wishes towards a clerical life are ever the same; and as, in order to the accomplishment of these wishes, it is requisite that I should pass through the fiery ordeal of an University education,

I must prepare myself for the necessary evil. I propose to enter the first term after the long vacation, and, by taking at once the two terms in which my attendance at college is not requisite, I shall be able to remain with Dr. Jenner a few months longer, if he wishes it. I need not say that the acquisition of a scholarship or exhibition would be most desirable to me. May I then inquire of you what steps I should take with a view to the attaining it? I will simply mention what has occurred to my own mind. About three years ago, Mr. —— corresponded, respecting me, with a friend of —— college,—who was so kind as to promise his exertions in my favour, saying at the same time that he could easily procure me two exhibitions worth ten pounds each, at ——, and that, in consequence of Mr. ——'s recommendation, he would receive nothing of me for tuition, which would be an additional advantage of £9, annually. As Mr. ——, in consequence of certain occurrences two years ago, expressed his determination to give himself no further concern respecting me, I cannot with propriety apply to him on the subject. But I have had it in contemplation to address a letter to Mr. ——, which I think might perhaps be productive of much good, without the possibility of doing harm.

Yet, as I am unwilling to stir in so delicate a matter, without the advice of an experienced friend, I have taken the liberty of submitting my ideas to your superior judgment. It appears to me that what I do should be done with as little delay as possible.

At whatever college I may be induced to enter, my life will be a life of privacy. I have been so long inured to persecution and censure, and ridicule, that I am grown completely callous to them, from whatever quarter they may proceed. A few congenial friends will constitute all my connexions; and, from a consciousness of the value of genuine friendship, I particularly wish, in all my movements, to bear an eye to the movements of your son. Whenever he enters, whether it be sooner or later than the time I have proposed for myself, I should gladly alter my plans, for the sake of being accompanied by him.

I thank you, my dear Sir, for your friendly caution, transmitted to me by my mother, that I should study prose more than poetry. I meddle but little with the muses at present, and seldom solicit any favours of them, except it be

Some stealing melodies that heart might love,
Or a brief sonnet to beguile my tears. BOWLES.

I now principally devote my time to the study of Grecian literature.

* * *

I ever am your most obliged faithful servant,

JOHN DAWES WORGAN.

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* * *

HE may look back upon the days that are past, and the recollection may be sweet; but the opportunity of improving those days is gone for ever; to retrace them therefore with fond regret, when they are no longer ours, is unworthy of the immortal mind. It is also sweet to direct the eye of hope towards futurity, and to feast the imagination on scenes that are yet to come. These dreams are consoling to the weary mind, and are no derogation from the dignity of wisdom. But though we beguile our solitude with these visions of fancy, let us not dwell upon them as if they were realities; let us not worship the phantoms of our own creation; for before the least of our hopes are realized, the heart which they animated may cease to throb, the eye which they caused to beam

with rapture may be closed in the darkness of the grave.

* * *

J. D. W.

TO THE REV. T. T. BIDDULPH.

Berkeley, January 9, 1809.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

YOUR kind attention to my inquiries on University matters, and the information and advice with which you have favoured me respecting them, demand my most grateful acknowledgments.

Your son has most probably acquainted you with the intention, which I expressed in my letter to him, of entering at ——, and the motives by which I was actuated in preferring that society. It would therefore be superfluous for me to trouble you with any remarks on that subject.

A gentleman in town, to whom I applied for information respecting the exhibitions which are in the gift of the London Companies, has promised to furnish me with all necessary intelligence

concerning them. But a question has been started by him, which I am unable to answer, and to which I should feel highly obliged to you if you would have the kindness to afford me a reply. Can a student in the University of Oxford enjoy the benefits of any exhibition, which does not belong to the college in which he resides? If this question be answered in the negative, can you have the goodness to inform me, where any such exhibitions are attainable? It is painful that those, who enter the University with the disinterested wish of finally promoting the glory of their God, by their ministerial labours, should be obliged to take so many worldly considerations into the account; but I need not inform you, my dear Sir, that these considerations, in my case, are matters of importance and necessity.

The sonnet to which you allude, is entirely at the service of the Magazine to which you have transmitted it. I have a series of devotional sonnets, with the composition of which I beguiled my solitary hours, under the pressure of heart-rending sorrows. These, when I have time, I shall fairly transcribe, and take the liberty of sending them to you, for the benefit of your opinion and correction; and if you think they will coincide with the plan of that publication, I shall rejoice

to see them inserted, happy if I may be deemed worthy to cast my mite into the treasury, and, however feebly, to co-operate with the editors, in promoting the best of causes.

Acquainted as I am, my dear Sir, with the numberless engagements that engross your time, it is with much reluctance that I trouble you with the inquiries which this letter contains; but I rely on your long-continued friendship to excuse the unwilling intrusion.

I beg to be most kindly remembered to all your family, and remain

Your obliged faithful servant,

J. D. WORGAN.

TO MR. D. G. WAIT.

Berkeley, January 9, 1809.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR obliging letter, containing the remainder of Petrarch's sonnets from the Critical Review, I have just received, and feel most highly indebted to you, for the trouble you have kindly taken in gratifying my curiosity. The result of an

attentive perusal and consideration of the whole on my mind is a conviction that the literary world was never disgraced by critics more unjust, or a translator more incompetent, than those in question. You can form no idea how miserably the sonnets of Petrarch are mangled and butchered, in the specimens of the translation which you sent me. I shall now send you in return a sonnet or two, which I translated about a year and a half ago; and I beg you to favour me with your unreserved opinion, and your critical animadversions upon them. The first is the same of which your letter contains a translation; you may therefore make a comparison between their merits.

SONNET LIX.

The cheerful hours returning Zephyr leads,
With flow'rs and fruits, fair partners of his way;
The swallow's chirp, the nightingale's lorn lay,
Are heard, and beauty crowns the spangled meads.
The fields rejoice; Heav'n smiles serenely bright;
His daughter's charms exulting Jove admires;
Air, Ocean, Earth, confess the genial fires;
And all their tribes in glowing love unite.

But ah! to me revolving seasons bring
Fresh griefs for her, who in my bosom reigns,
Though borne to yonder skies, for ever dear:
Of her bereft, the flower-enamel'd spring,
The plumy songster, and the virgin trains,
Bleak, barren wilds and savage forms appear.

The two sonnets, which I have enclosed, I will be obliged to you to return, when you have done with them, as I have no other copy. I send them as specimens of my translation, with which I intend to proceed in my summer evening rambles. The more severely you criticise them, the more I shall feel obliged to you.

I thank you for your hints respecting the Spanish language. The object which I have in view in all my studies, is to render my life honourable to myself, and useful to others: I would therefore willingly learn any language, in which there were any valuable writers, not yet translated into our language; and I should think my time well occupied in making a version of them. If therefore you will be kind enough to inform me what are the untranslated Spanish poems to which you allude, I will ask the advice of Mr. Hayley, and if he considers those poems as worthy of a translation, and likely to repay my labour, I will immediately commence the study of the Spanish language.

Should you meet with any translation of the Sonnets of Petrarch, I need not say how much I should be gratified by a little information respecting them. I shall confine my version to those after the death of Laura, as they are infinitely superior to the rest.

Adieu, my dear Sir.

Ever most faithfully yours,

J. D. W.

TO MR. H. BIDDULPH.

Berkeley, January 9, 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MY last letter was so much occupied with Oxonian business, that I had no opportunity to enter, as I could have wished, into literary matters. I therefore resume my pen, for the purpose of mentioning to you the nature of my studies, of asking your opinion respecting them, and of inquiring the nature of your own studies. For, as we are to be fellow-collegians, I should hope that our pursuits may be congenial, and that we may be united in our various occupations.

I have been content, for a considerable time, to sacrifice inclination at the shrine of duty; or, in other words, to forsake poetry for Grecian prose. I made out a list of Latin and Greek compositions, which I determined immediately and uninterruptedly to study. This list I have enclosed. Those pieces, which I have marked with an asterisk, I have already perused. I should be obliged to you, if you would have the kindness to add to the list any writers whose works you consider as deserving of my notice; or to erase from it any works, which you think will not repay my labours. I am at present reading Plato's Phædo, which enraptures me by the sublimity of its doctrines, and the sweetness of the diction. By arguments deduced from natural religion, he so eloquently shows the worthlessness of our tenements of clay, the vanity of the pursuits that occupy the children of mortality, and the value and eternity of the soul, that I do not wonder at the story we are told of a youth, who drowned himself, after the perusal of the Phædo, that he might put its truth to the test, and be freed from the incumbrances of flesh and blood. I cannot here refrain from remarking the vast difference I have found between the style of Socrates' Discourses, as transmitted to us by Plato, and those for which

we are indebted to Xenophon. I have always found the Memorabilia a dull book, and I could never bring myself to a relish of its contents, however excellent I knew their nature to be. In Plato's Dialogues, on the contrary, every thing is easy and animated, and there are none of the wearisome metaphysical subtleties, which abound in the Memorabilia. I make these observations, because I know it is common to study the Memorabilia, as affording an excellent survey of the Socratic philosophy; and I would recommend Plato's Dialogues to you, as containing an equally luminous account of Socrates' doctrines, expressed in a much more entertaining and agreeable manner.

What books do you take up at college? I have thought of Mounteney's Demosthenes and Plato's Dialogues. If, however, the examining masters do not think proper to accept what they call *mutilated* works, I would substitute Aristotle's Ethics, or Poetics, and Longinus.

Do you study any theological works? I long ago made a determination to read no writings on religious subjects, that proceeded from a mortal pen, but to use the sacred volume as its own interpreter. If, however, you can inform me of any works on divinity, which are possessed of sin-

gular merit, I shall willingly deviate from my resolution.

With logic and the mathematics I have not yet meddled. It will be time enough to begin them when I reach the banks of the Isis. I should be obliged to you, nevertheless, to inform me what are the standard works on these sciences in use at Oxford, that I might purchase them, should they fall in my way.

Could you, from any friend who has lately been at Oxford, procure an account of the particulars of University expenses, such an account would not only be gratifying to my curiosity, but it is of importance that I should receive the information previously to my entrance at college.

And now, my dear friend, I have written you a long letter, on subjects which we are accustomed to regard as of high importance. Yet when I read what I have written, and consider it with futurity in my view, I almost blush at the association of ideas, that leads us to attach so much moment to pursuits, which a disembodied spirit must esteem to be vanity, and the utility of which will be vanished when a few fleeting years have rolled over our heads. Oh! for the unction of the immortal Spirit, to raise our thoughts from these secondary acquirements, to a thirst after that eternal wisdom, the value of which will con-

tinue undiminished, when this poor perishable globe is sunk in flames!

Farewell, my dear Henry.

Yours, with the most sincere
And affectionate friendship,
JOHN DAWES WORGAN.

TO MR. D. G. WAIT.

Berkeley, February 16, 1809.

MY DEAR SIR,

AS you have kindly favoured me with permission to trouble you for occasional information on subjects connected with my literary pursuits, I feel assured that you will not think me obtrusive, if I once more solicit the assistance you may be enabled to afford me from the facilities for intelligence you enjoy.

I have lately been reading the Dialogues of Plato, and am rapt in admiration at the grandeur of his thoughts, and the sublimity of his doctrines. Can you inform me what of his works have been translated into English, and what are the reputed merits of the different versions? Also, whether

his doctrines have been discussed by any luminous commentator, either in our own or any other language? In one of the notes on Plato, in the Analecta Majora, I find a reference to Stanley's History of Philosophy; do you know any thing of this work? and can you conveniently ascertain what parts of Plato have been rendered into English by Harris, the author of Hermes; and what by Taylor, the celebrated character, for whose benefit the Literary Fund was first established? Perhaps, from the works to which you have access in the Bristol Library, it may be in your power to furnish me with information on these points. It is with much reluctance I make myself so troublesome to you, but in this outlandish corner of the globe we have no learning, either ancient or modern, foreign or native; and your kind attention to my former inquiries induces me to flatter myself that you will gratify my curiosity by an answer to these, as soon as may suit your conveniency.

I have postponed the furthering my progress in Italian, and my intended acquisition of Spanish, till I have met with some congenial soul to accompany me in my studies. It is the most heartless of all employments to engage in learning a fresh language, without a fellow-student to trot by your side. I shall therefore abandon my pro-

jected pursuit of modern continental literature, till I have quitted the solitary cells of Berkeley; and in the mean time I shall follow the advice of the poet, in studying without interruption the "*Exemplaria Græca.*" For it is pleasant to cultivate in solitude a language with the principles of which you are already acquainted, however fatiguing it may be to attempt the cultivation of one with which you are totally unacquainted.

Believe me to be, as ever,

Dear Sir,

Your sincerely obliged friend and servant,

JOHN DAWES WORGAN.

TO THE SAME.

Berkeley, March 8, 1809.

MY DEAR SIR,

I THANK you for your obliging letter of the 25th of February, which I have just received, and for the satisfactory information it contained on Platonic subjects. The account with which you have kindly furnished me, has afforded me all the intelligence I desired. There is only one fur-

ther inquiry with which I will trouble you :—Has either Sydenham or Taylor translated the Phædo, and has either of them discussed the tenets of Socrates, as to the immateriality of the soul?—Have they also offered any remarks on the opinions which are frequently expressed in the Phædo, as to the nature and duration of the principle of life, which animates the brute creation? These are subjects which have been little noticed, yet I cannot but consider them as of no trifling interest; and I have accordingly bestowed on them a considerable portion of my thoughts, since they first suggested themselves to my mind. I may be asked, what benefit such inquries can produce; and whether they are capable of contributing to the present or future happiness of man? That they are directly productive of such advantages, I cannot presume to assert; but how great are the advantages which any discussions must afford indirectly, whose tendency is to enlarge our ideas of the wisdom and goodness of Omnipotence, by endeavouring to explain and simplify the organization of animated nature! And allowing that we fail of success in the research, is not a curiosity of this description more ennobling, and more worthy of our powers, than the enthusiastic zeal of the antiquary, which leads him to pore over worm-eaten records in quest of barren knowledge, that

he may reconcile apparent anachronisms in ancient fabulists, or adjust the contradictory tenets of different mythologists? All our pursuits of a speculative nature may be trifles, and trifles they confessedly are, compared with the sacred Wisdom that teaches us how to live and how to die; but the pursuits of natural philosophy are surely of all others the least trifling; and if contrasted with the frivolities that engross the attention of a majority of mankind, how dignified, how sublime do they appear!

It is not because I conceive my arguments to be necessary to form your own opinion on these topics, that I enter into such a series of observations. My object is simply to elucidate the motives, that lead me to trouble you with so many inquiries concerning Plato and his divine productions. His Phædo, as well as his Crito, I have read, and re-read, and my sentiments most fully concur with yours, both as to their subject and their style. They are worthy of a disciple of Socrates: would that their author had lived four hundred years later! how glorious a propagator might he have been of the doctrines of Christ! But this is a foolish remark, and I am ashamed of having written it. The time of our birth, as well as the period of our existence, is surely best determined by Him that made us.

I am rojoiced to hear the desire you express of seeking for wisdom in the academic shades. I purpose entering them in September next: and How pleasant would it be for us to study Plato together! You aspire to a happy profession, which may lead to the highest honours, and render you an instrument of the greatest good; and were I to offer my advice, I would point out that profession to you from a desire, that, as it has long been degraded by men of ignorance and corruption, its dignity may at length be restored, by men of talent and integrity. In the choice of a pursuit, however, that is to be coeval with our active powers, the bent of the inclination is the only guide that we can safely consult. "*Naturam sequere*," is the sum total of all the advice that can be given.

The seal with which my last letter was closed, was dug up in a church-yard in this neighbourhood. It is composed of unpolished brass, and its handle is a thick ring of the same metal. I rather conceive that the inscription is Hebrew, since one or two of the letters are common Hebrew characters. The others may perhaps be distorted, or unskilfully engraved. I have sought in vain for an interpretation. But are you likely to fall in with Mr. Adam Clarke? He would no doubt be able to solve the mystery.

I am sorry to hear that you have been so much

Indisposed, but I hope you are by this time recovered. For my own part, my life is one continued series of indispositions. But I must not murmur.

Adieu, my dear Sir.

Believe me to be, as ever,

Most sincerely yours,

JOHN DAWES WORGAN.

TO MR. GARDNER, FRAMPTON UPON SEVERN.

Berkeley, February 15, 1809.

DEAR SIR,

I SHOULD sooner have acknowledged the arrival of your favour of January the 18th, but a series of pressing engagements has occupied every moment of my time, and engrossed every idea of my mind.

I thank you for the kind communication of your excellent Essay on the Effects of Commerce. I regret, for the sake of your fame, that it was not published at the time it was first written, since its concealment has afforded Mr. —— an opportunity of kidnapping the laurels which should have

graced your brow, and of placing them on his own. But I rejoice to hear that you are engaged in decorating the same ideas with poetic language. The subject opens an ample field for splendid descriptions, animated contrasts, and pathetic apostrophes. It has, indeed, been already noticed in the "Deserted Village," and in Bowles's Poem on St. Michael's Mount; yet it is far from being exhausted; and an expanded poetical dissertation upon it would be novel, and highly interesting, particularly at the present period, when the merits of our commercial system are the topics of universal discussion.

Yet highly as I admire the execution of your Essay, and much as I wish to see it arrayed in a metrical garb, I must candidly confess that I am by no means prepared to subscribe to many of the doctrines you inculcate, nor to allow the majority of the arguments you employ. A solitary individual, like myself, who wishes to live and die in the shades of retirement, can have little inducement to meddle with the intricate discussions of political economy, especially with those points, which have been matters of dispute among the wisest of legislators. Yet the result of the brief consideration I have bestowed on the consequences of commerce, is a conviction that its progress is attended with benefits, that are more than suffi-

cient to counterbalance its acknowledged evils. It is only injurious to the weak and foolish, who would find abundant resources for injuring themselves by corrupt gratifications without it: to those who have wisdom enough to improve its effects in a proper manner, it yields the blessings of civilization and science. But these are in a great measure matters of opinion; and the advocates of liberal disputation must lament that your reasonings have not been made public, however they may question the justice of your tenets.

Have you had time to read the "RECOLLECTIONS OF A SUMMER'S DAY?" And could you favour me with them, and with your remarks, in the course of a week? I am anxious to revise and complete the composition, and I happen to have no other copy.

I rely on the speedy fulfilment of your kind promise of transmitting to me a packet of your poetical pieces, and remain,

My dear Sir,
Your obliged faithful servant,
J. D. WORGAN.

TO MR. GARDNER.

Berkeley, March 8, 1809.

DEAR SIR,

I RETURN your able Dissertation on the Effects of Commerce, with my sincere thanks for your kindness in allowing me the perusal of it. However essentially my sentiments may differ from yours, as to the nature of the consequences attendant on commerce, when considered in the aggregate, your Essay commands my admiration, from the energy with which your arguments are delivered, and from the glowing colours in which you have delineated the various scenes of change and misery which you exhibit to the view. Your Essay is a beautiful painting; whether it gives a correct likeness, it is not my province to determine. I hope it does not.

My destiny leads me to London in the course of next week, when I shall be anxious to submit the "RECOLLECTIONS OF A SUMMER'S DAY" to the inspection of two literary friends, one of whom is a female critic. Strange, you will say, for a woman to wear the cap of Aristarchus! I have found, however, that when women are possessed

of talent, they often employ it with more sagacity and acuteness than the proud sons of literature are in general capable of doing. But though you see me so bent on rambling into every subject that starts into by brain, I have no time at present to rhapsodize, not even in praise of woman! I must therefore return to the subject with which I began, and request the favour of you to transmit the said RECOLLECTIONS to Mr. W. Davies, who will go from Eastington to Berkeley on Friday next. I shall expect your remarks with anxiety, since by them the fate of my poem will in a great measure be determined.

In troubling you so often for my pieces, when perhaps you may not have finished the perusal of them, I am afraid I may appear importunate. But this is a species of importunacy to which all must be subject, who, like myself, abhor the drudgery of transcription, and consequently possess but one copy of their compositions.

With great regard, I ever am,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged faithful servant,

JOHN D. WORGAN.

TO ——

—— 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is not from listlessness or inattention that your kind letter of the first of March has so long remained unacknowledged. During the greater part of the time which has elapsed since its arrival, the bed has been my dwelling, and the contagion of the typhus has been preying on my frame. My advances in the state of convalescence have been but slow, yet I am now sufficiently recovered to allow me to take the air, and to mingle in the gay scenes of spring.

Thanks be to Providence for its protecting care! It orders all things for the best. Had the choice of my fate been allowed me, I surely should have recoiled from the idea of enduring a pestilential fever. But now that I have endured it, and that its terrors are past, I review my sufferings, not only without regret, but with lively satisfaction and gratitude. They gave me an enviable season for tranquil thought. They lifted my soul above the world, half delivering it from the body, and they led me to a train of re-

flections on the nature of our existence, which were so soothing and so animating to my feelings, that I would not exchange the ennobling consolations they afford, for all the pageants of pleasure and glory.

Alas! how unequal is the alliance, to which our spirits are ordained to submit, during the period of our pilgrimage below! What avails it that they were the semblance of the Deity, created in immortality and incorruption? What avails it that they were constituted partakers of the divine nature, and were designed to be partakers of the divine glory? They are immured within a melancholy prison, within a tenement of clay, which it is their office to animate and inform. The various senses, which appertain to the body, they ought to guide and control. They are to be the movers and conductors of the corporeal machine; and the object at which their exertions are to be directed, is the glory of their Creator, and the happiness of their companions in life, by which, at the same time, their own advancement in glory and happiness would be promoted. Such are the purposes for which they were created; but what is the world in which they are to move! It is a wilderness, which iniquity, like a torrent, has overdeluged, and through which the demons of folly and wickedness diffuse their influence, like a poisonous contagion. And

does the heaven-born soul, on taking a part in such a scene, display her sacred origin, by resisting their seductive powers, and assert her native dignity, by trampling under foot the most blandishing of their allurements? Let us ask ourselves the question, and how mortifying is the reply? And can the heaven-descended soul become the slave of earthly pollution? She can, she is become such. Does she not employ the powers of the body, in procuring a few transient and unworthy gratifications? Does she not neglect and frustrate the object of her creation,—does she not insult her Maker and vilify herself, by yielding to the impulse of lawless passions, by suffering herself to be controlled by earthly objects, instead of controlling them, and, by fixing her regard upon the trifles of time, forgetful of the eternal state? And does she not thus disqualify herself for the heavenly inheritance, and assimulate herself to all that is evil and wretched? Reason and experience, as well as Revelation, reply in the affirmative to these painful inquiries. And how shall the horrors of this fatal condition be removed? Reason and experience are here unable to reply. To Revelation alone, we can look with confidence; and how cheering is the answer it affords! Does the spirit bewail the evils into which she has plunged? Does she revolve to forsake them,

and to live as she ought? An infinite atonement has been made by the Deity himself, who was pleased to lay down his glories, and reside in a corporeal habitation like her own, thus to endure, in the fulness of his eternal compassion, the rewards that would have devolved upon the head of offending man. Through a reliance on the mercy of this sacred Redeemer, she may be reconciled to Heaven, and by his divine assistance she may be released from the corrupt propensities which adhere to her nature, and may regain her long-lost purity. Thus is a renovating change produced. The soul is re-animated, and her faculties are once more dedicated to the purposes for which they were bestowed. The tumults of impurity are succeeded by the sweet calm of holiness. She learns to regard surrounding objects in their proper light. She sees that the world was merely intended for a momentary use and existence. Farewell then to the insane dependance she formerly reposed upon it! She sees that her body, which had formerly been the centre of all her hopes and fears, is no part of herself, but merely a mansion in which she is to move for an appointed time, of the different parts of which, indeed, she is to dispose, while she inhabits it, to the noblest ends, but which she shall shortly relinquish. Farewell then to her former restlessness and anxiety for its

welfare! It is unworthy of an immortal being to indulge in painful solicitude for the fate of a perishable frame. She looks on earth, as a sphere through which she is to pass,—on life, as the period allowed for her journey, and on death, as the summons which shall call her to the abode of Him, whom to please is the subject of her impassioned hope, whom to offend is the subject of her anxious fear. As to the body, it is a galling impediment to her in the exercise of her energies; but she labours to live distinctly from it, and participates but little in its concerns. Let it be stretched on the couch of sickness; she flourishes in undiminished vigour. Let it be racked with pain; she smiles in the fulness of divine tranquility. Let it be loaded with fetters, and cast into the dark recesses of a dungeon; she spurns the manacle, and rises with her native strength into the regions of imagination.—Earth and heaven are open to her gaze; she glides beyond the stars, and penetrates into the unseen abysses of the universe. Still in this life she is frail; alas, how frail! She fails in attaining the excellence of purity which she desires, and her firmness is too often overcome by the tempting follies she detests. But she is supported by that Eternal Power, whose succour shall never be supplicated in vain; and the continual adversities, which chequer the pro-

gress of life, confirm her in her contempt of earth, and her aspirations after a better country. And her frailties shall soon be over. She advances in wisdom, in perfection, and in happiness; she is more and more assimilated to the image of her God; and when she shall have completed the purposes for which she was sent into the body, she shall be emancipated from its bondage: she shall mount upon the wings of the wind, and ascend triumphantly into the presence of the Father, to repose for ever in his bosom, looking with pity and with scorn on her former incumbrances of flesh and blood, and viewing the earth from afar as a rolling atom.

But I must restrain my careering fancy. If I have grown more formal than the laws of correspondence allow, and if what I have written is more like a sermon than a letter, you must remember that I am just rescued from the verge of the grave, and you will not wonder that these exalted subjects are uppermost in the mind, and that I wish them to be uppermost in the minds of those I love. How contemptible do the frivolous pursuits of life appear, when compared with those which divine contemplation holds forward to the view!

Adieu, my dear friend: we cannot fully understand these glorious subjects, while we are in this

corner of the universe; but we know enough of them at present to sublime our thoughts, and regenerate our desires, and they shall be amply developed to our understanding, in a happier land, when our spirits are in a disembodied state.—Adieu! adieu!

Ever most truly and affectionately yours,

JOHN DAWES WORGAN.

TO THE MEMORY

OF

JOHN DAWES WORGAN.

While Jenner's fost'ring land was stretch'd to save
Thy genius, Worgan, from th' untimely grave;
While ev'ry muse thy wit and fancy shar'd,
And for thy brows an early wreath prepar'd;
Heav'n claim'd *thy heart;*—and, to assert the claim,
Snatch'd thee from dang'rous paths of earthly fame;
And gave thee, blest exchange for such renown!
Immortal bliss, and a celestial crown.

J. B. Drayton.

January 3, 1810.

POEMS.

RHAPSODY.

PARTLY IN IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

SAY, for what peerless boon, what glitt'ring prize,
Should ardent vows with grateful incense rise?
Not that a dome with lofty splendour crown'd
May spread my worthless glory wide around:
Not that my land a thousand ploughs may till,
And menial tribes await my sov'reign will;
While wavy crops the laughing meads adorn,
By Plenty scatter'd from her golden horn:
Not that my chests may groan with brilliant ore,
And Fortune's gifts enhance my frugal store,
And Glory decorate my lowly name
With envied garlands of immortal fame:

But that my soul, by sacred Wisdom led,
May rest secure beneath some low-built shed,
And in thy love, Almighty Father! blest,
Hail the sweet transports of eternal rest.
When vig'rous youth my rising passion warms,
And earthly scenes display their fading charms,
In this frail heart unchanging Monarch reign,
And o'er my will thy rightful sway sustain;
My erring fancy and its pow'rs control,
And bind with cords of love my wand'ring soul.
In manhood's prime, and each succeeding stage,
Thou shalt alone my first, best thoughts engage:
Tost on the busy world's tempestuous sea,
My steadfast anchor shall be fix'd on Thee;
And when decaying age shall damp my joy,
And the weak frame of human bliss destroy,
Let my glad breast with humble faith resign,
Trust in thy love, and on thy arm recline.
Then let my soul (thy glories in her view)
From earth's drear wilderness her flight pursue,
Rest at thy feet, amid the prostrate host,
Who sound thy praises through th' empyreal coast;
And there the counsels of thy mercy trace,
Sav'd by the riches of thy pard'ning grace.
Vain are the ponderous loads of sordid gold,
Which the fond throng with eager joy behold.
Tho' plenteous harvests crown the yellow plain,
And splendid affluence spread her golden reign;

Though many a dome, on Parian columns rais'd,
Shine o'er the vale, with pageant art emblaz'd;
Though grateful vistas meet the wond'ring eyes,
And lovely scenes in bright succession rise—
Vain are the joys their various charms impart,
Unless thy presence cheer my pensive heart.
Though flowing vests adorn the glitt'ring side,
"Twice dipt in poison of Sidonian pride,"
Vain are the honours of the Iberian coast,
Vain are the beauties Tyrian purples boast:
May that transcendent robe my soul array,
Dy'd in the blood that wash'd my sins away!
Clad in this glorious dress, from terror free,
My longing eyes th' approaching Judge shall see.
Ye vain pursuits and transitory joys,
Which erring crowds with senseless ardour prize;
Ye mystic rolls of philosophic lore,
Which learning's train with studious toil explore,
Ye blind delights, that charm th' infatuate great;
The lures of pleasure, and the pomp of state;
Say, can ye grant your vot'ries firm repose,
And shield from treach'rous friends and angry foes?
Can all your boasted energies relieve
Afflictive care, and healing comfort give?
To Fortune's fickle pow'r superior raise,
And guide their wandering feet thro' flow'ry ways?
And when grim Death shall point his fatal dart,
And pluck from earthly joys th' unwilling heart,

Say, can ye shed around a sacred ray,
And heav'nly comfort to the breast convey?
Vain is each phantom on this earthly ball,
And in eternal night its brightest glories fall.
O let me rest in humble life secure,
Spurn the false world, and heav'nly bliss ensure!
Far from terrestrial joys and ravening strife,
Which fall, loud thund'ring, and embitter life,
Let me with peaceful competence reside,
And view secure the wreck of tow'ring pride;
Let sweet Content her lasting joys afford,
And humble Plenty crown my frugal board:
Then shall mine eyes with pitying scorn survey
The fond delusive meteors of a day,
Which from the mists of erring Fancy rise,
And, vainly follow'd, mock the gazing eyes.
Then shall my thought with sacred fervour soar
On seraph wing, and gain th' ethereal shore;
With Salem's beauty fir'd, the world despise,
And quit the rolling earth, to grasp the skies.
Redeeming Lord! thy quick'ning pow'r exert,
And to thy law my rebel will convert.
Claim for thyself alone my worthless heart;
Correct, refine, and purge its every part.
Break with strong hand th' oppressor's galling chain,
And in my breast confirm thy blissful reign.

RETIREMENT.

AN ODE.

WRITTEN IN JULY 1806.

I. 1.

YE verdant glades and echoing groves;
Ye streams, that lave th' enamel'd plain,
Where oft th' enamour'd Fancy roves,
And Virtue guides her chosen train!
While Pleasure flutters on the wing,
Your charms my rustic pipe shall sing;
And while th' advent'rous numbers flow,
Your tuneful strain, ye feather'd quires, unite;
In softer gales, ye Zephyrs, blow;
Ye blooming flow'rs, the ravish'd sense delight.

I. 2.

High in his flaming chariot borne,
Bright Phœbus darts a golden ray;
The lark salutes the blushing morn,
And music breaks from every spray.

Creation pours a general strain
To Him, whose bounty cheers the plain:
Secure the fleecy wand'rers sport,
And crop the meadow's dew-besprinkled bloom:
While Flora spreads her ample court,
And mingled sweets the spicy gale perfume.

I. 3

Now let us pierce the grove's embow'ring shade,
And gain th' aspiring mountain's arduous brow;
Gay dew-drops glitter on each spangled glade,
And freshen'd verdure smiles on ev'ry bough.
And see, what lovely prospects rise!
With waving corn the vallies teem,
Which, gilded by the solar beam,
Like seas of gold enchant my eyes.
Here lofty Mendip lifts his tow'ring head,
And the twin brooks in friendly channels flow;
Majestic oaks their rev'rend honours spread,
And tender saplings with soft foliage blow:
There hoarse Sabrina rolls her sainted tide,
And purling streams in smooth meanders glide.

II. 1.

While the warm eye with rapture strays
  Through wide Creation's rich domain,
Or rambles in her woodland ways,
  Or in her proud majestic reign,
All mortal accents are too faint
The magic of her charms to paint.
  Come then, my Muse, direct thy way
Where gentler charms and milder beauties dwell;
  There thou mayst tune thy wandering lay,
The praise of Piety and Worth to tell.

II. 2.

Deep in the broider'd vale's recess,
  Evander's smiling mansion lies;
Gay rural sweets the moments bless,
  With Peace, immortal Virtue's prize.
Remote from Earth's tumultuous pow'r,
Devotion hails the lonesome bow'r:
  Fair Concord lifts her laurel'd mien;
Domestic joys enlivening bliss afford;
  And Love, to crown the joyful scene,
Spreads a fair offspring round the friendly board.

II. 3.

No venal guardian damps th' unwilling hearts
With sordid precepts and monastic lore;
The strenuous parent heav'nly truth imparts,
And various Wisdom opes her ample store.
The busy task Attention plies,
The list'ning children stand around
With gifts and genial praises crown'd,
While transport glistens in their eyes.
Now they review Creation's painted scenes;
Now Wisdom's page inspires the falt'ring tongue,
Grammatic lore assiduous labour gleans,
And infant voices lisp the sacred song.
Delightful scene! let wond'ring ages find
"The parent, tutor, friend, and guardian join'd."

III. 1.

Thrice happy seat of pure delight!
These are the joys Retirement knows:
Increasing pleasures charm the sight,
With downy peace and glad repose.
Ye sons of wealth! your heaps enjoy,
Till sordid stores the bosom cloy:

Ye sons of grandeur! strain each nerve,
Uncertain praise and giddy pow'r to gain:—
Let me a nobler bliss preserve,
And tread with humble feet the peaceful plain.

III. 2.

Be mine to rise at earliest dawn,
And nature's bounteous King adore;
And wand'ring o'er the purple lawn,
To cull the meadow's balmy store.
Almighty Grace! with holy fire
My bosom warm, my heart inspire:
Let me, from earthly cares releas'd,
With humble ardour pour the suppliant voice;
On hallow'd joys for ever feast,
And fix on heav'n alone my steadfast choice.

III. 3.

Celestial Dove! thy sacred succour bring;
Teach me to wake the sweetly sounding chord,
In pow'rful notes redeeming love to sing,
And Jesus' dying mercy to record.
My steps to Calvary's summit guide;
Thence may reviving beams of light
Dispel the dreary shades of night,
And show how vain is earthly pride.

Let Faith and Hope their healing balm bestow;
Let heav'nly joys my drooping heart regale:
Thus let my life in placid currents flow,
With silent course, through sweet Retirement's vale,
Till by degrees the less'ning shores retreat,
And circling waves the boundless ocean meet.

TO PEACE.

Avaunt, detested fiend of war!
Hence with thy direful train:
Sheath, sheath thy sword, rush to thine iron car,
Drawn by red dragons o'er th' embattled plain,
And seek the realms of night again!
Long has thy sword been drunk with blood;
Long has Despair impetuous stalk'd around,
Thick down the mountains roll'd the crimson flood,
And shrieks of woe the trembling shores resound.
With heart of steel, and eyes of fire,
Swift to the Stygian depths retire:

Pale Hate, that licks a brother's gore,
With Envy, Pride, Ambition, Lust,
The panders of thy rage no more,
Hurl'd from their thrones shall bite the dust.
Ye brazen gates! your massy folds upheave,
And all the bloody band receive,
Bound in an adamantine chain,
And whelm'd in fiery gulfs, for ever to remain.
But come from Heav'n, immortal Peace,
And bid discordant Fury cease.
Celestial Pow'r! whose hallow'd sway
The blest empyreal plains obey;
Haste, with gentle radiance crown'd,
Whose rays shall spread the earth around;
Swift from thy golden throne arise,
And cheer Britannia's longing eyes:
In all thy soft undazzling pride
Through parting clouds triumphant ride:
Then let thy flame-wing'd coursers bear
Thine empty car through yielding air.
But thou, delightful Goddess! deign
On earth to fix thy lasting reign;
Gay tranquil joys to man restore,
And spread thy sway from shore to shore.
Where'er thy glad'ning smiles descend,
A lovely train thy steps attend:
Rich Commerce ploughs the watry main,
Fir'd by the charms of useful gain:

Crown'd with bright wreaths, the tuneful Nine
With votive lays adorn thy shrine;
Fair Science sheds her cheering light,
And dissipates the mental night;
Portentous Ignorance retires,
And Art her chosen band inspires.
Full-handed Plenty treads the lawn,
With roseate Health, at earliest dawn;
And, dancing o'er th' enamel'd mead,
Their lovely quire the Graces lead;
While fair Civility displays
Her friendly smiles and fostering rays.
Swift may the circling moments fly,
Till man thy beaming car descry.
Thrice happy day, thrice welcome hour,
When earth shall feel thy tranquil pow'r;
Then shall the thunders cease to roll,
Whose peals affright the turbid pole:
No more shall eager warriors rise,
Or the shrill clarion rend the skies;
No more shall martial tempests roar,
Or deserts reek in human gore.
Where late the sanguine torrent roll'd,
The swains their waving crops behold.
The bending falchion cleaves the land,
Obedient to thy blest command;
The bloody sword and gory spear
Touch'd by thy hand a scythe appear;

Or in the rustic mansion lie,
The sport of tender infancy.
While many a falt'ring tongue repeats
His warlike grandsire's wondrous feats.
Wide o'er the rampart's mould'ring height,
Sweet verdure glads th' admiring sight,
And round the castle's shatter'd towers
Fair ivy twines her op'ning flowers.
No more shall fainting nations groan,
But thy celestial sceptre own.
The smiling meads shall laugh and sing,
Rich with the flow'ry gifts of spring;
And warbling quires on every spray
Tune to thy praise the joyous lay.
Thy glittering temple shall arise,
And crown'd with beauty meet the skies.
There, with due homage, man shall bow,
And carol forth the grateful vow;
And many an artless shrine erect,
With fruits and votive garlands deck'd.
No blood shall stain the sacred ground,
No victim feel the deadly wound;
But vernal flow'rs of fairest hue,
And roses bath'd in sparkling dew,
With golden sheaves and purple wine,
By swains preferr'd, shall grace thy shrine.
When, in his golden chariot borne,
Bright Phœbus gives the rosy morn;

Or when, in milder beauty drest,
He decks with gold the glowing west,
As oft the shepherd winds his way
Through meads with yellow harvests gay,
His oaten reed, with tuneful song,
The sweetly murmuring streams along,
To list'ning forests shall proclaim,
O lovely Peace! thy darling name.
Fair Ceres' gifts, that gild the vale,
The placid eve, the balmy gale,
The purling rill, the friendly shade,
The meads with blooming flow'rs array'd,
The rapturous music of the grove,
Where sportive tribes securely rove,
Shall sound thy praise in glowing strains,
Whose hand with plenty robes the plains,
Secures to man the blessings given,
And makes on earth a little heaven.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

A SUMMER'S DAY.

Wide o'er the earth, in sable clouds array'd,
O'ershadowing Night extends her blackest shades;
No cheerful moon displays her smiling mien,
No glimm'ring star illumes the dreary scene,
But drifting snows the lab'ring earth assail,
And angry tempests desolate the vale,
While Boreas thunders with resistless force,
And stops with icy hand the streamlet's course.
Ah! where is now Creation's blooming pride?
Where the gay scenes to vernal hours allied?
No more the wild-bee murmurs o'er the lawn,
No more the lark salutes the rosy dawn;
But while the groves by chilling blasts are torn,
And the bleak plains their rifled graces mourn,

What shall the Muse's languid breast inspire,
Or bid her fingers wake the dormant lyre?
Oft have I sat beneath the hawthorn bower,
While social converse cheer'd the livelong hour,
Caught the wild warblings of the woodlark's throat,
Or the lorn nightingale's enamour'd note;
Where o'er each bank the blushing violets bloom'd,
And op'ning flow'rs the breezy morn perfum'd,
Led by retirement's hand, with glowing thought,
The tufted vale and echoing grove I sought;
And, far secluded from the busy throng,
Wak'd on my jocund pipe the rural song,
And nurs'd the visions of romantic ease,
Sooth'd by the murm'ring sound of branching trees.
But time has laid their verdant honours low,
And not a leaf adorns the whiten'd bough,
And not a warbler glads the cheerless day,
But Desolation sweeps her headlong way.
Yet though no more enchanting scenes invite,
No vernal charms the ravish'd sense delight,
Still may the Muse inspiring objects find,
And Nature's wealth enrich the Poet's mind.
Æthereal pinions memory's pow'r supplies,
And bids the soul with eager transport rise;
Her magic hand a faithful glass displays,
To renovate the scenes of happier days;
Again the flow'rs of rich-rob'd Summer blow,
Again the fruits of purple Autumn glow;

The musing heart, with oft-reverted glance,
Sees former joys in cheerful throngs advance.
Let others woo Diversion's treach'rous aid,
The reeling dance, the courtly masquerade,—
Urge the dull round of fashionable woe,—
Groan as they smile, and sicken as they glow;—
For them let Comus pour his venal strain,
With amorous nonsense, or the jest profane;
For them let Drury's crowded scenes appear,
Rouse the false laugh, and prompt th' affected tear,
And midnight sports their fleeting years consume,
Till Death drives headlong to the yawning tomb:
Be mine the pleasure of the rural board,
Which sacred Science and Retreat afford.
Sweet Peace, an exile from the giddy throng,
Lifts her fair head Retirement's haunts among,
Imparts a blessing to the vain denied,
And lasting joys unknown to pompous pride.
O come, bright fugitive! with blest control
Guide my rapt fancy, and exalt my soul;
O'er my glad heart thy genial warmth diffuse,
And aid with vivid pow'rs thy daughter muse:
Let memory's pow'r retrace the vernal scenes,
Unfading landscapes and perennial greens,
With fancied bliss amuse the vagrant thought,
And rove in fairy bow'rs, with deathless beauty fraught.

See, at her voice a new creation springs,
Exulting Fancy claps her eagle wings:
Swift o'er the clouds, by sportive zephyrs drawn,
Rob'd in the radiance of the purple dawn,
In magic hues, resplendent from afar,
The light-wing'd Goddess rolls her beamy car.
By her sustain'd, my soul the tempest braves,
Mounts o'er the tow'ring hills and foaming waves,
And glides, fair Millwood, to thy rural sheds,
Thy groves revisits, and thy vale retreads.
These, when effulgent Summer's liberal hand
Flung her gay flowrets o'er the laughing land,
To my rapt gaze their blooming charms display'd,
And woo'd me to their dear sequester'd shade.
Now, when no more the scenes in prospect roll,
Their pictur'd views enchant the pensive soul,
And the fair visions of ideal joy,
Deck'd with fantastic grace, my captive thoughts
employ.

Fair was the rising dawn: o'er every glade
Fresh verdure smil'd, and balmy zephyrs play'd:
When, ere the dewdrop left the spangled thorn,
Ere Titan's rays illum'd the dappled morn,
With Philidore I trac'd the dewy mead,
Where Nature's op'ning charms her votaries lead,
And stray'd, Avonia, by thy wand'ring tide,
Where tow'ring Vincent bares her rocky side,

And Bristol's turrets, gilt by Phosphor's beam,
Inverted glimmer in the tranquil stream.
Primæval Peace her brooding wing unfurl'd,
And not a sound annoy'd th' unconscious world;
Save when, resounding from the dusky tower,
The slow-voic'd clock proclaim'd the passing hour.

Now when the mounting sun with orient ray
Glow'd o'er the hills, and gave the cheerful day,
Round the broad strand a ling'ring look we threw,
Thy mingled scenes, O Industry, to view,
And gaz'd admiring on the wealth-crown'd mart,
Blest with each gift of Nature and of Art,—
The balmy produce of Sabæan fields,
And the rich stores that either India yields,—
And oh! how grateful to the judging mind,
By Virtue's heav'nly sympathies refin'd,
To view that mart, whose crowded vessels bore
The blood-stain'd offspring of Caffraria's shore,
By Slavery's guilty load no more debas'd,
But with the wealth of liberal Commerce grac'd!
No more the tortur'd captive's piercing cries
Chill the 'pall'd heart, and reach the frowning skies;
But cheerful seamen wake the jovial strain,
To celebrate the glories of the main.—

Now the proud dome, by pious Canning rear'd,
With awful grandeur in the skies appear'd;
By virtues toil in peerless beauty wrought,
Where many a sage religious dictate's taught.

And here, in haunts to Sol's bright rays unknown,
Where Superstition rear'd her ebon throne,
Our pitying eyes survey'd the lonely cell,
Where Chatterton awoke the tuneful shell,
And bade his lyre the deep-ton'd music roll
With pleasing raptures o'er th' enamour'd soul.
Sweet Nature's child! accept the tribute paid
By fond affection to thy honour'd shade:
Though pallid want thy mortal hours distrest,
Thy genius wither'd, and thy fires deprest;
Still round thy grave unfading flow'rs shall bloom,
And weeping Muses ever mourn thy doom,
Bards yet unborn shall drop the kindred tear,
Embalm thy memory, and thy name revere.

Now, from the city's gloomy scenes withdrawn,
We trod th' enamel'd mead and verdant lawn,
Where laughing swains, with hearts for ever blithe,
Plied with assiduous hand the glitt'ring scythe,
And at each stroke the fairy webs o'erthrew,
From blade to blade prolong'd, and gemm'd with dew.
Now o'er aspiring hills we bent our way,
Pausing to catch the blackbird's mellow lay,
To pluck the wild-flow'r from its dewy cell,
Or count the herds that whiten'd o'er the dell.
Where'er we gaz'd enchanting prospects smil'd,
And social converse the long way beguil'd,

Till from the cloud-topt mountain's arduous height,
Thy scenes, sweet Millwood, met the ravish'd sight.
Deep in a vale the decent mansion rose,
Where clust'ring elms the cultur'd plain enclose;
Full many a hamlet's lowly cots appear'd,
And loftier domes around their summits rear'd:
Here low-land meads display'd their chequer'd green,
There Mendip's oak-crown'd head confin'd the scene;
Where heav'n-taught More in active virtue trod,—
Friend of her race, of wisdom, and of God;
And gen'rous Whalley, rapt in rural ease,
His mansion shelter'd in embow'ring trees,—
The lonesome woods with artful beauty grac'd,
And crown'd with waving corn the brambled waste.
Yet nought so dear the wand'ring eye survey'd,
As thee, lov'd Millwood, and thy sylvan shade,
Where tasteful Art and bounteous Nature meet,
And heav'nly Peace sustains her blissful seat.
As the light skiff, impell'd by fav'ring tides,
On Avon's placid wave serenely glides;
So did my days in silent lapse succeed,
Crown'd with each pleasure, from each sorrow freed,
When, cheerful Milwood, in thy shades embower'd,
High o'er the scenes of earth my fancy tower'd;

No more by visionary gleams misled,
To dazzling pride and syren pleasure dead,
My chasten'd soul renounc'd the dreams of youth,
And sought her pleasures in the arms of Truth;
Celestial Peace her lasting joys infus'd,
And Nature's charms my sportive hours amus'd.
Oft would I rise, ere yet the morning beam
Chequer'd with roseate tints the twilight gleam,
Court the soft breezes on the fir-topt hill,
Or trace the windings of the devious rill.
The voice of joy is heard in every seat,—
The heifer's low,—the lambkin's tender bleat,—
And plumy choristers from every tree
Pour the rich strains of nature's minstrelsy.
And while thy works a gen'ral anthem raise,
O Father of all worlds! to sound thy praise,
Shall man alone th' adoring song deny,
And lift to Heav'n the vain-presumptuous eye?
No: at Religion's shrine, with filial joy,
Oft would my soul her noblest pow'rs employ;—
Oft would devotion, with ecstatic lay,
By all but Heav'n unheard, her homage pay,—
And bid the joys of blinded man farewell,
On Heav'n's anticipated bliss to dwell.
She points each work in Nature's mystic plan
To the unheeding heart of haughty man;
And as she gazes with renew'd delight
On all the wonders of creating might,

She wakes to artless notes the trembling string,
Loud in His praise, who gave the pow'r to sing.
Now when the sun with brighter radiance glow'd,
To Millwood's dome my feet retrac'd their road,
Whose virtuous master bade his rural clan,
Ere the brisk hinds their daily toil began,
With duteous love th' Almighty King adore,
Resound his goodness, and his grace implore.
Ye senseless infidels, with jeering pride,
The suppliant voice of humble faith deride,—
Your conscience lull, with mad'ning hopes elate,
And wander blindfold on the verge of fate,—
Kiss the base chains that rivet to the earth,
And drown Reflection's call in boist'rous mirth;
Yet pause awhile amid your festive roar,
And the scorn'd Christian's lowly cell explore:—
His are the boundless joys ye seek in vain,
And his the peace, which Pride shall never gain:
Borne on the pinions of immortal faith,
With hope, triumphant o'er the pangs of death,
Still shall his bosom raise th' unceasing pray'r,
And trust the guidance of Almighty care.
The mighty Father of immortal years,
Who rolls in radiant march the circling spheres,
Bows to the suppliant voice a gracious ear,
Checks the lone sigh, and stops the starting tear;

Soothes with immortal hope the care-worn breast,
And gives on earth a gleam of heav'nly rest.
Ye sons of earth, pursue your gilded toys,
And linger in the haunts of fleeting joys;
The meteor happiness eludes your gaze,
And each light blast o'erthrows the bliss you raise.
Now when the urn had pour'd its hissing tide,
And China's stores our morning wants supplied,
Our strenuous thoughts to various labours bent,
The noontide hours in healthful cares we spent.
Thy voice, Evander, bade the menial throng
With cheerful mind their busy work prolong;
Firm, though benignant,—gentle, though severe,
While every rustic bent a duteous ear;
And willing love a purer service drew
Than e'er the proud insulting tyrant knew.
And oft, by Virtue's gen'rous dictates led,
From plain to plain thy willing feet have sped;
Thy liberal hand reliev'd Affliction's load,
And led the recreant step to Wisdom's road,
Pleas'd the drear haunts of latent woe to seek,
And wipe the tear from Sorrow's faded cheek,
While strong benevolence thy heart refin'd,
And Heav'ns own flame inspir'd thy vig'rous mind.
Here, from the scenes of crowded life retir'd,
By pure affection's warmest impulse fir'd,
Her infant train the mother's care instructs,
And the soft heart in virtue's path conducts.

With flattering gifts and well-tim'd praises crown'd,
The list'ning children ply their tasks around;
Th' expanding mind receives the sweeten'd lore,
And various Wisdom opes her ample store.
Thrice happy parents! in whose blooming race
Each rising virtue blends with every grace;
Thrice happy children! in whose rev'rend sire
Prudential care and watchful love conspire.
Such charmful scenes transcend the Muse's praise,
Too weak her lyre, too faint her loudest lays,
A tributary song in equal notes to raise.

Meanwhile, with glowing heart and hasty feet,
I bent my way to Learning's still retreat,
Where many a work of honour'd genius stood,
The golden records of the wise and good.
No senseless volumes, innocent of thought,
With empty words and idle fiction fraught;
No visionary tales, supinely dull,
Yet oft of Folly's choicest treasures full;—
No novels, form'd to tarnish rising age,
And fan th' imperious passions' latent rage,
And with curst aim unguarded youth entice
To the wild mazes of alluring Vice;—
But ye, celestial train! whose tow'ring mind
Unwearied strove, to noblest toils consign'd,
To stem Profanity's impetuous tide,
Crush the proud bulwarks of triumphant Pride,

And advocate desponding Virtue's cause,
Deaf to the voice of censure or applause:—
On every shelf your glorious labours shine,
Where heav'n-taught genius breathes in every line,
And glowing Truth proclaims her source divine.
And not alone Religion's votaries meet,
But every science finds a welcome seat:
Here bards,* by hallow'd inspiration taught,
Display the highest pow'rs of human thought.
Ye lovely monitor's, whose cheering voice
Inspir'd your humble votary's earliest choice,
And cheated into joy my youthful hours,
With the soft magic of your tuneful powers,
When sportive childhood taught my feet to rove
To the still valley or the waving grove,
Dear were your numbers to my answering heart,
And bade each wish for empty mirth depart:
Still let your guardian energies remain,
Still in my breast your wonted force retain;
Lift my fond wishes from the toys of time,
Correct each passion, and each thought sublime.
And thou, companion of my youthful way,
Beloved harp,—prolong thy tender lay.

* Milton, Young, Cowper, &c.

Oft hast thou cheer'd my wand'rings in the vale
Of bitter tears, or giv'n the tender tale,
When Love's soft glow, or Fancy's glittering views,
With sweet enchantment could my hours amuse.
And while my feet o'er life's bleak mountains press,
Still let thy soothing tones my fancy bless;—
Cheer the lone path, alleviate every care,
And the sweet songs of ardent hope prepare,
While Faith directs me to that joy-crown'd shore
Where sins annoy, and dangers threat no more.
And when strong faith expires in certain bliss,
And Heav'n's full joys the pow'rs of hope dismiss,
Oh let me join the chorus of the sky,
Beyond the stars that deck the vault on high!
Then let my fingers touch a loftier string,
Then let my voice a louder anthem sing;
My rescued soul amid the chosen quire,
Sons of almighty Love, shall tune her lyre,
Low at His feet with holiest ardour fall,
Raise the full song, and hail him Lord of All;
Whose bounteous arm for every want provides,
Whose mercy fosters, and whose wisdom guides!
Now when the cheerful mansion's rustic board,
With Nature's gifts in frugal plenty stor'd,
The full repast had spread for every guest,
By labour sweeten'd and by temperance blest,—

The cheerful hours elaps'd in silent flow;
Each heart was fir'd with Friendship's mutual glow;
From Fashion's dull frivolities releas'd,
Each opening bosom shar'd the mental feast—
Then the rich treasures of the letter'd page
With deathless charms our willing thoughts engage;
Pleas'd we survey, by faithful trav'llers shown,
The mingled beauties of each distant zone,
And then the moral strain our eyes explore,
And feast, O Virtue, on thy sacred lore.
Far was the sland'rous fiend, whose venom'd dart
Wounds with malicious aim the guileless heart,
Assails an absent neighbour's honest name,
Or nips the laurels of ingenuous fame.
No idle talk on fashion's varying course,—
No empty mirth, detraction's endless source,—
But fairer scenes in heav'nly forms appear,
And sweeter accents vibrate on the ear.
Such were the *joys* that serious thought endear'd,
Nor these alone our circling moments cheer'd;
No stoic thralls the pining soul confin'd,
Or steel'd with apathy the listless mind;
But guiltless Pleasure, in her maiden pride,
With all the sister Graces at her side,
O'er each warm heart her pleasing transports shed,
By Reason cherish'd, and by Virtue fed.

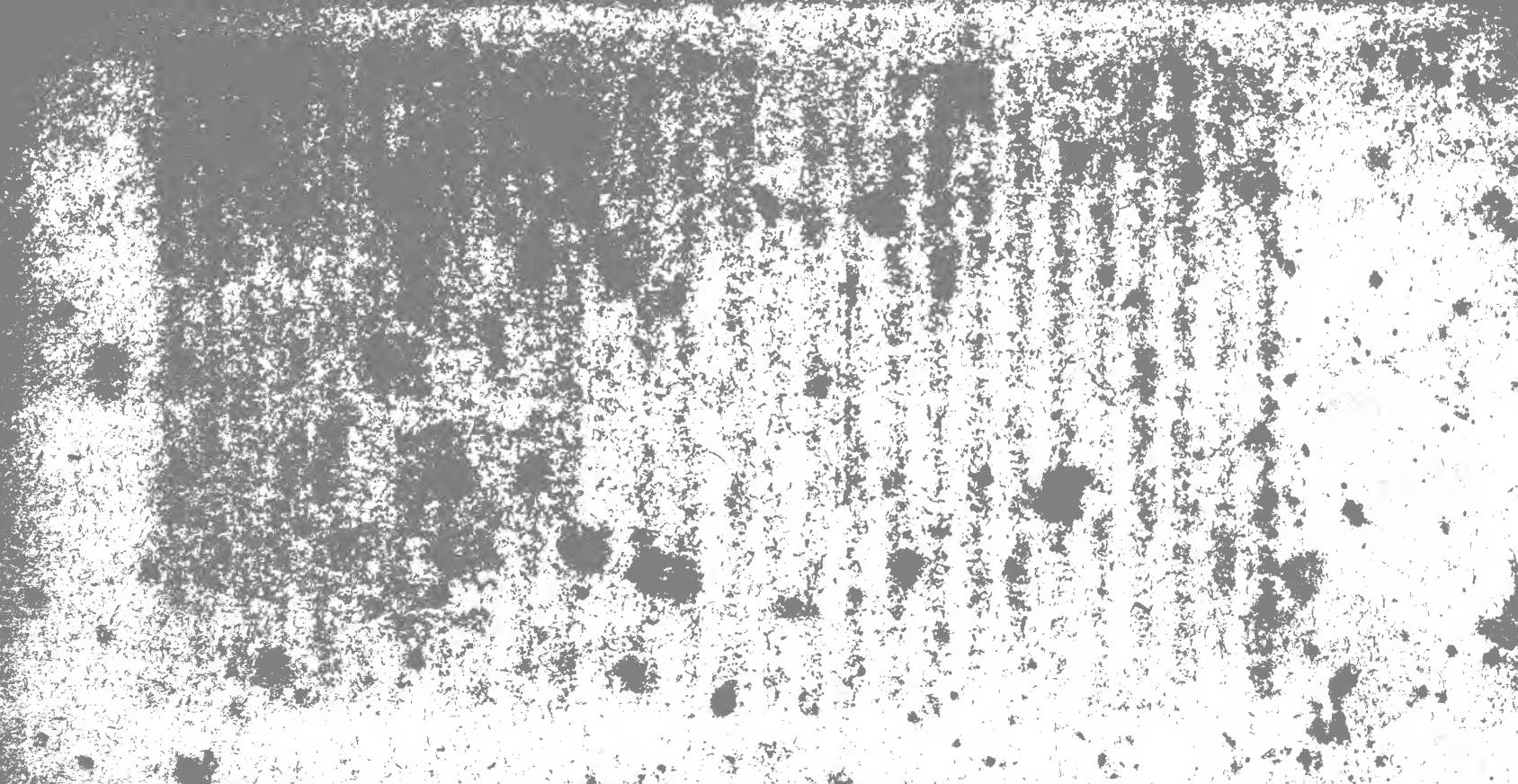
Curs'd be the wretch, who taught the baleful art,
Whose poisonous influence damps th' aspiring heart,—
Bow'd at the shrine of Pride, and call'd her Truth,
And check'd the blameless energies of youth.
For say, did Heav'n th' unconscious heart ordain,
Senseless alike to pleasure and to pain?—
But see, while Evening o'er the western main
Hails her bright star, the leader of her train;
See, in blithe bands, by rustic ardour sped,
The thronging tenants of the turf-built shed,
Guide o'er the plains, in russet garb array'd,
The ripen'd produce of the teeming glade.
Their useful toils the high-pil'd harvests crown,
And Nature smiles in glories all her own;
Gay peals of rapture fill the echoing bounds,
And "HARVEST HOME" from hill to hill resounds.
In social converse, round the cottage door,
The merry swains partake their festive store,
And honest hearts, to Nature's feelings true,
The scenes of bliss with thankful hope review:
In soft responsive peals the village bells
With varying cadence cheer the broider'd dells;
While calm Reflection, in the brown-rob'd wood,
Pours her warm accents to the Source of good,

And to His praise attunes her grateful pow'rs
Who bids the vales rejoice, and glads the laughing hours.
Ye too, whom infancy's fond bliss delights,
May share the joys which social mirth invites;
For see, with lightsome heart, serenely gay,
Yon busy group direct their eager play.
When yellow radiance gilds the glimm'ring spires,
And twilight's hand unveils the starry fires,
Oft would I seek the closing hours of eve,
Pleas'd the false world, and all her pomps, to leave,
Watch the pale glow-worm's ineffectual beam,
Or Cynthia's image dancing in the stream:—
Reflective Wisdom, with angelic mien,
Has cheer'd my wand'ring in the silent scene;
And while her heav'n-directed eye survey'd
Spring's varied bloom, or summer's grateful shade,
When the full year its plenteous produce shower'd,
Or ice-bound winter's foaming tempests lower'd,
Her glowing heart that Sacred Presence own'd,
Which, though in Heaven's empyreal height enthron'd,
Conspicuous shines, with matchless might confest,
In the green vale by vernal flowrets drest,
As when his mandate rais'd the spangled pole,
And bade the starry train effulgent roll,—
As when cherubic harps his pow'r confess,
And flaming tongues his boundless mercy bless,

From Earth's delusive pageantries retir'd,
With holy awe and pensive rapture fir'd,
She gaz'd enchanted on the bright abode,
Where dauntless worlds proclaim their forming God,
And, join'd in spirit with th' angelic throng,
Breath'd from her glowing heart the vesper song.
Thus flow'd the tenour of the livelong day,
Illum'd by sacred Pleasure's fost'ring ray,
When youthful Time prolong'd the joys of Spring,
And scatter'd blessings from her downy wing.
And say, can all the scenes of grov'ling mirth,
Whose empty charms enthrall the sons of earth,
One wishful thought in Virtue's breast excite,
While scenes like these her passing hours delight?
For me, whate'er the righteous doom ordains,—
Enchanting pleasures or afflictive pains,—
O let me still in rural ease reside,
Rapt in the bliss to busy Pomp denied,
And, far remote from Fashion's giddy round,
Thy praise, Creator God, for ever sound!
And oft, by memory lighted on her way,
With printless foot shall truant Fancy stray,
And thou, dear Millwood, in whose peaceful cells
Fair Pleasure smiles, and laughing Plenty dwells,
Where, crown'd with bliss, my light-wing'd moments flew,
With friends belov'd, and transports ever new,—

Though envious Fate requires my distant stay,
Still shall remembrance all thy charms display.
My wishful heart desires a kindred spot,—
Some pansied valley, with a smiling cot,—
Where my tir'd feet in rural peace may rest,
Freed from the ills that busy life invest.
There should the warblers unmolested roam,
And the lone robin find a welcome home;
There the first violets of the spring should blow,
And blooming flow'rs their mingled beauties show.
Around the porch should mantling ivy twine,
And spreading oaks support the clust'ring vine;
Here, would kind Heav'n a lov'd associate send,
My life to solace, and my walks attend,—
A book, my studious leisure to beguile,
With honest ease, and health's enchanting smile,
And the sweet muse each varied scene t' endear,
Exalt each pleasure, and each sorrow cheer,
Pleas'd would I pass my life's allotted hour,
Unenvious of the joys of pride or pow'r,
And earth's vain dross with pitying eye contemn,
Possess'd of Solitude's immortal gem.
Sworn to no system, blinded by no sect,
Come, hallow'd Reason, and my course direct;
Oh! teach my struggling heart, with heav'n fix'd choice,
To smile in sorrows, and in death rejoice;

Blest in the lot by guardian Wisdom given,
On earth to antedate the joys of heaven.
And when my feet have run their destin'd course,
Unnerv'd my vigour, and extinct my force,
Freed from this cumbrous tenement of clay,
Let heav'n-born Peace illume my parting day;
Led by His arm, who died from death to save,
My steadfast soul shall triumph o'er the grave;
Faith shall direct my wishes to the sky,
And holy Hope instruct me how to die.



A POETICAL EPISTLE

TO

R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

(Author of "*Elements of Self-Knowledge*," "*Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*," &c. &c. &c.

Occasioned by the Perusal of his "*Kirkstall Abbey*;" a Poem.

How sweet the sacred Poet's tow'ring song!
How soothing to the soul the varied notes,
That warble from the lyre, by skilful hand
To magic tones attun'd! 'Tis sweet to hear
The choral symphonies of plumy throngs,
As, when the sunbeams glitter on the dew,
Their flowing accents bless th' Omnific Lord,
Who taught their tribes, by judging instinct led,
To rear the downy mansion, that derides
The toils of human art, and show'rs around

His choicest favours. Glorious are the lays
Of pious melody, when tuneful tongues,
"The pealing organ, and the pausing quire,"
Raise the full anthem of celestial praise.
Yet sweeter vibrates on the ravish'd soul
The Poet's heav'n-taught voice, when Fancy wakes
The sounding wire, and nature's artless notes
Melodious echo from the past'ral reed,
When the rapt Muse in wisdom's lore instructs
The willing mind;—in pleasing bondage holds
Each vagrant thought, and stamps with lenient hand
Fair Virtue's image on the yielding soul.
And still more potent flows th' aspiring note
When, 'mid the mould'ring abbey's lonely pile,
Stupendous wreck of ages, the glad soul
Wings from terrestrial scenes her daring flight;
And pours in Reason's ear the solemn strains
That erst on Siloe's bank from Cherub's harp
Sublimely broke: "Glory to God on high:
Peace to the jarring scenes of earthly strife!"
And Contemplation bids the chasten'd thought,
Freed from its veil, review the mingled scenes
Of crowded life; with filial awe confess
The present Deity, and humbly bow
With new-born fervour at his holy shrine.
Sweet are creation's charms; yet sweeter still
Ev'n Nature's beauties burst upon the sight,

And livelier joys inspire, when faithful songs
To the mind's eye the vivid scene portray.
Whate'er the spacious universe contains,
Of splendid, awful, beauteous, or sublime,
Still beams with brighter splendours on the soul,
With nobler graces, if the fav'ring Muse
Her pow'rful succour lend. The purling stream
More softly murmurs in the Poet's song;
Creation's smile is brighten'd, and the quires
On every spray a sweeter anthem raise.
The Muse can bid the fading landscape glow
With never-fading colours, and restore
Each vivid scene that happier hours display'd.
These to the mind a secret charm convey,
That calms the turbid thought; restrains the wish
That violates immortal Virtue's laws;
Blunts the keen dart of melancholy care,
Alleviates every sorrow, and inspires
Serenest joys and wisdom's pure delights.
Oft in meand'ring childhood's mirthful hours,
With airy freedom wand'ring from thy haunts,
Enchanting Fulneck! and thy verdant seats,
My playful youth's abode, my careless feet
Have gaily rov'd among the lonesome wrecks
Of Kirkstall's ivied cloisters, and my eye
With sorrowing pleasure linger'd on the scene.
Oft have I carv'd my name with sportive pride
Deep in the tott'ring pillars, sculptur'd round

With frequent knife by many a rustic hand.
Oft have I proudly trod the moss-grown height,
Where erst religion's holy ministers
To list'ning throngs proclaim'd the boundless love
Of HIM, whose fiat bade this goodly frame
From chaos rise, and bore the temper'd soul
On strong devotion's eagle wing to Heav'n.
Here with faint ardour, down the naked aisles
I pour'd my feeble voice, and vainly strove
To bid the roofs re-echo to the sound.
Then gaily sporting on thy tufted edge,
Soft murmuring Aire! with juvenile compeers,
Have tried what prosp'rous hand could furthest
hurl
The fleeting stone; and favour'd was the wight
By reckless youth esteem'd, whose potent throw
Attain'd the distant shore: and oft supine
Reposing on the tufts that grace thy side,
Beneath the osier shade, my hands have cast
The dangling line, and with alluring bait
Entic'd the finny tenants of thy flood
To willing death; and oh! what speechless joy
Fir'd the glad bosom, when the yielding cork
Declar'd the certain prey, and, rear'd aloft,
The quiv'ring line display'd the struggling perch,
The glitt'ring gudgeon, or the pond'rous trout,
In ambient air suspended. Little thought
Unconscious youth of transitory time,

Of duties undischarg'd, and many an hour
In idle sport and thoughtless pleasure past.
Yet the fair scenes amus'd the languid years
Of growing childhood; and my panting heart,
When the bright gudgeon trembled on my line,
Glow'd with as much delight, as graver heads,
Vot'ries of haughty manhood's fonder game,
Feel when at grandeur's highest aim arriv'd,
Crown'd with insane ambition's brightest wreath,
For martial vict'ries, or the latent tracks
Of nobler art explor'd.

These blended scenes,
That charm'd my sportive childhood, still delight
The retrospective soul, when memory's hand
With glowing pencil draws each daisied mound,
Each op'ning prospect, and each placid joy
Which lur'd my infant feet, and every charm
That youth bestow'd. And well my pensive heart
Recalls the deepen'd awe, which Kirkstall's fane
Inspir'd, when first her wild majestic walls
Burst on my wond'ring fancy. Yet more fair,
With nobler beauty and sublimer awe,
They strike the bosom, in thy painting verse,
Instructive Dallas! shown. Thy soaring notes
Give to each stone a more than mortal tongue,
And paint the vivid landscape to the soul,
In colours, brighter than the borrow'd hues
Of mimic art afford.

And not alone thy varied verse displays
Creation's beauties, but, in glowing strains,
Unlike the languishing seductive lays
Of modern minstrels, rouses in the soul
Immortal flames, and bids the wond'ring eye
In every scene Creation's form unfold;—
Behold the Sacred Presence in the haunts
Of busy men,—through Nature's rural charms,
The mould'ring abbey, and the rising pile,
The mazy streamlet, and the roaring flood,
Alike confest. How lovely to review,
With soul-ennobling glance, the vision'd scenes
Of human life! How healthful to the mind
The noiseless hour, when silenc'd fancy lies
In silken fetters bound, and sinful man
Holds converse with his God! Important hour!
When conscience, faithful monitor! repeats
Each latent crime, that, from th' untutor'd hours
Of giddy childhood to maturer age,
The blushing sun beheld. Though deepest shades
Of mantling night with tenfold gloom involv'd
The guilty deed;—though no terrestrial eye
Survey'd;—nor empty Rumour's brazen throat
To mortal ears declar'd;—yet mem'ry's pow'r
At this still moment to the shudd'ring heart
Presents th' unhallow'd action, and, array'd
In hideous pomp, innum'rous phantoms rise,
The ghastly spectres of each impious deed,

Each slaughter'd hour! The bosom vainly strives,
With ineffectual efforts, to remove
Th' unwelcome sight. She calls the wanton aid
Of Fancy to dispel the vengeful scene;
She bids the soul on future pleasure dwell;
Rove the gay round of visionary bliss;
Recall the past amusement, and depict
Ideal scenes her haunting fears t' allay:
Yet calls in vain!—for conscience still pursues
The struggling victim, — cries with thund'ring voice,
"Your guilt confess in penitential tears,
Prone at your Maker's feet: while humble grief
Inspires the contrite pray'r and fearful sigh,
And warmly supplicates redeeming grace."
Urg'd with relentless speed, the rolling hours
Of mortal life depart; with endless course
Year follows year, and every silent breath
Conveys us nearer to the fatal bourne.
Each year removes some pleasure that amus'd
Our former days: a rev'rend parent falls;
A lov'd relation, or a faithful friend,
Life's noblest treasure, feels th' impartial stroke
Of all-consuming Death, and cries aloud,
In strains that will be heard, "Thou too must fall!
Prepare, fond youth, prepare to meet thy God!"
The natal day returns;—intemp'rate mirth,

The flowing goblet, and redundant feast,
Inflame the swelling heart with venom'd joy,
Bid the swift hours with swifter course depart,
Each thought corrupt, nor leave a moment's pause
For calm reflection.—Thus their hours recede:
And oh! how few through Nature's peopled
bounds,
When the sad knell proclaims another year
For ever gone, like thee to serious thought
Th' important period consecrate; reflect
On Life's perpetual frailties, and confess
That earthly joys are vanity and woe!
How few, like thee, with penitent regret
Lament the waning hours of busy life
In bootless trifles squander'd, and implore
Celestial grace, with animated hope
And glowing faith; to tread with constant step
Fair Wisdom's blissful paths; with holy joy
To spurn terrestrial vanities, and grasp
With eager hand Religion's golden prize!
Proceed, delightful bard! to sacred strains
The hallow'd chords attune, and nobly raise
To sacred symphonies thy dauntless voice.
Let others pour the visionary song,
In tinkling measures, "innocent of thought,"
Sooth the sad soul to sleep with lovelorn lays;
Or the fond thoughts from Virtue's flow'ry path
To Vice's maze seduce with fatal art,

More deadly than the Syren's luring song
Let others warble adulation's note,
And lull with opiate fumes imperial pride,
Or titled vice:—be thine the nobler task
T' attune celestial numbers, and repeat
To Albion's mirthful swains the solemn song.
And while each breast with youthful ardour glows,
And fading pleasures lure the wand'ring feet
Far from the paths of duty and of peace,
To gloomy deserts, let thy wand'ring Muse
Sound on each heart, with heav'n-descended lays,
Instruction's accents; *Vice to misery guides,*
Virtue to ceaseless bliss. Though blinded crowds
Scoff and deride thy monitory note,
Still shall fair Virtue's genuine children love
Thy welcome song: a never-dying fame,
Secure beyond th' assaults of giddy time,
Or envying censure, shall for ever crown.
Thy steadfast labours. When the venal herd
Sink in oblivion's gulf, thy lovely Muse
Shall bloom in native charms, and future bards
Embalm thy mem'ry and thy name revere,
Religion's Poet, and th' instructive guide
And faithful monitor of Albion's youth.

BRITANNIA;

OR

THE POLITICS OF A RECLUSE

As the lone wand'rer from the beacon's brow
Astonish'd views the raging waves below;
While fraught with death the mad'ning tempests roar,
And many a wreck deforms the sea-beat shore,—
He hears the Tempest Fiend wild tumult raise,
And the dire scene with pitying eye surveys,
Yet stands uninjur'd on th' impervious rock,
And braves the foaming billows' frustrate shock:—
So, from Retirement's visionary height,
Oft has my fancy rov'd with eager flight;
Heard war's loud din re-echo through the land,
Seen slaughter'd myriads press th' impurpled strand,
While mad Ambition, and impetuous War,
Roll'd o'er the blood-stain'd earth their adamantine car.

Yet oh! remote within the hawthorn bower,
(Blest be th' Almighty Father's guardian power!)
Or gently wandering by the peaceful cell,
I *heard* of miseries which *others felt*.
The thunders roar'd around my peaceful cell,
But the red bolt on distant regions fell.
And as I lay, by dangers undistrest,
Far from the woes that other climes invest,
To Britain's God my grateful songs arose,
Whose pitying mercy crush'd her angry foes,
Bade the loud yell of inborn discord cease,
And gave the raptures of domestic peace.
O'er every clime where genial zephyrs blow,
And boisterous Ocean's billowy waters flow,
My tow'ring soul her vent'rous flight pursu'd
Their manners noted, and their scenes review'd
Yet nought so beauteous on the varying globe,
Where fost'ring Æther spreads her ambient robe,
And nought so glorious could my fancy trace,
Deck'd with such matchless charms and lasting grace,
As thee, fair Albion! and thy sea-girt isle,
Where various gifts with envied lustre smile.
Fav'rite of Heav'n, whose spreading honours shine,
From Greenland's deserts to the glowing Line,
Whose pearless navies plough the foaming tide,
Crown'd with triumphal wreaths and conqu'ring pride;

Blest be that Power, whose guardian love protects
Thy favour'd regions, and thy bliss directs.
No blood-stain'd victors riot on thy plains,
Or load thy trembling sons with galling chains;
No fearful clarion echoes through thy streets,
To rouse thy children from their lone retreats:
No slaughter'd myriads welter in thy vales,
No plaintive murmurs fill the tainted gales.
Still, when the sunbeams glitter on the dew,
Thy rustic sons their peaceful toils pursue;
The fleecy wanderers crop the flow'ry food,
And plumy songsters warble through the wood;
No mad'ning foes thy rural scenes invade,
But Ceres' gifts replenish every glade;
The wild bee murmurs through the blooming fields,
And the glad year its pregnant produce yields;
And oft at evening, round the cottage door,
Thy vig'rous swains partake the frugal store,
Quaff the full bowl, the lovelorn ditty sing,
And shout, Long live Britannia's glorious King!

And not alone with nature's bounty blest,
Thy peaceful sons enjoy perpetual rest;
And not alone Abundance crowns thy marts,
And social quiet every bliss imparts;—
But nobler gifts propitious Heav'n allows,
And fairer blessings claim thy grateful vows:
For on thy plains, in native splendour bright,
Divine Religion sheds her cheering light;

The shades of blinded ignorance dispels,
And in the favour'd land conspicuous dwells;
With sacred light her glowing lustres show
The path to ceaseless bliss or lasting woe;
Her faithful powers illume the grov'ling crowd,
Exalt the humble, and abase the proud;
And many a Porteus, fir'd with holy zeal,
Bids erring man his guilty nature feel,
With heav'nly truth assails the deafen'd ears,
Or with sweet strains the contrite bosom cheers;
Then to the Cross the wounded sinner guides,
To wash for ever in the crimson tides.
See Superstition, mantled in the storm,
Hies from the plains, and hides her haggard form;
While pure Devotion from the sky descends,
Thy glory fosters, and thy peace defends.
And o'er thy meads, adorn'd with blooming flowers,
Life's noblest bliss, immortal Freedom towers;
Alike the peasant and the prince protects,
Binds in one chain and by one law directs.
Not lawless Anarchy, whose hell-born sway
Lures the fond crowd, then tramples on her prey;
Not the fell fiend whose pow'r by myriads curst,
In ruthless mis'ry Gallia's realms immers'd;
But sacred Liberty, divinely fair,
Friend to the world, and Nature's darling care;

From clime to clime by rev'rend sages led,
By Reason foster'd and by Virtue fed.
Her cheering vigour to thy sons decreed,
Crowns every bliss, and gladdens every mead:
High o'er thy realms, unmov'd by party strife,
She guards their peace, their treasures, and their life,
Hurls into night Oppression's murd'rous band,
And heaps with lasting joys thy favour'd strand.
Rage, ye loud storms! assault our peaceful shore;
Ye wild winds! riot, and, ye tempests! roar:—
While sacred Liberty, with eye serene,
Smiles on our plains, and animates the scene;
While pure Religion darts her heav'nly ray,
And rich-rob'd vales their plenteous gifts display:
Still shall our voice th' Almighty Maker bless,
Resound his goodness, and his pow'r confess.
Frail are the sons of earth. Her brightest climes
Groan with increasing guilt, and countless crimes:
Yet thee, with Heav'n's peculiar bounty blest,
My natal shore! peculiar crimes infest,
And basest sins almighty love requite,
While Seraphs shudder at the fearful sight.
Stay, stay, ye sporters on Perdition's brink,
Behold th' expanse below!—behold, and think;
Ere yet the quiv'ring thunderbolt shall fly,
While mercy yet receives the suppliant cry;

Ye sons of Albion's guilty shore! be wise;—
No more your Maker's proffer'd call despise;
With humble penitence approach His throne,
To whom the secrets of each heart are known;
Attend the mandates of his gracious will,
And sacred Virtue's heav'nly calls fulfil,
Lest, when too late, you mourn th' avenging rod,
Vindictive thunders, and an angry God.

AN HYMN,

TRANSLATED FROM THE HEBREW.

Th' Almighty Lord, whose sov'reign sceptre sway'd
Yon azure plains, by trembling hosts obey'd;
Ere in the void the starry orbs were hung,
Or Nature's goodly frame from Chaos sprung;
What time, arising at his plastic word,
The fair creation own'd its glorious Lord;
Then was he hail'd "Supreme, eternal King,"
While prostrate angels touch'd the golden string.
And when the orbs that gild the sky decay,
And earth in wild confusion fades away;
He will alone, tremendous Monarch, reign,
And arm'd with endless might his sway sustain,
He was, he is, and shall for ever be,
Crown'd with immortal pow'r and majesty.
He is the glorious One; and who can vie
With Him, whose nod controls th' obedient sky?
No second pow'r his mighty sway can share,
Or with the Source of life and strength compare.
From vast eternity his reign began,
And with swift course through circling ages ran;

And when revolving years shall cease to roll,
And fleeting suns forsake the darken'd pole,
Nought shall Jehovah's boundless age confine,
Contract his pow'r, or bid his love decline.
His sure control shall sway the seas and land,
And conscious worlds obey his high command;
While the bright hosts that tread th' empyreal plains,
With sacred awe confess, "Jehovah reigns."

This is the God, in whom my soul confides,
Whose guardian care my feet in safety guides.
This the sure friend, whose arm my life redeems,
This the blest fount, from which my comfort streams;
This is my steadfast rock; "a rock that braves
The raging tempests, and the rising waves:"
Firm in his strength I dwell in soft repose,
And view secure the rage of angry foes.

My glorious banner, my divine retreat,
My blissful lot, with heav'nly joys replete;
Whose gracious ear my suppliant voice attends,
Whose pow'rful arm my trembling life defends;
My guardian bulwark, and almighty shield,
'Tis to thy care with joyful trust I yield!
By day and night with gracious hand protect,
And through the maze of life my steps direct.
The Lord is mine;—secure in him I rest,
Fear shall no more invade my tranquil breast.

AD ILLUSTREM JOHANNEM RING,

LONDINI

CHIRURGUM CELEBERRIMUM,

J. D. WORGAN, S. P. D.

ILLUSTRISSIME VIR,

Accipe ignoti tibi poetæ munuscula; erroribus veniam concedas, juvenisque qui vix sexdecem annos vidit, ignoscentiâ relegas poemata. Non herculè poëseos nitore, non Horatii aut Ansteii divino œstro, mea carmina exornantur: ast

Illud amicitiæ sanctum et venerabile Numen,

me quoque tuas laudes iniquo tentare carmine jussit; et dum Jenneri, tuisque laudibus, extrema terrarum littora resonant,

Et meæ (si quid loquar audiendum)
Vocis accedet bona pars.

VALE.

Cheltenham,
Januariis Calendis, 1807.

AD ILLUSTREM JOHANNEM RING,

LONDINI

CHIRURGUM CELEBERRIMUM.

Audin? Qui soni tus auribus irruunt?
Quæ voces, miserûm mistæ ululatibus,
Europæ subito terrificant metu
Gentes, cordaque permovent?

Audin? Jam videor cernere fervidos
Heroas, gladios sanguine sordidos
Stringentes; resonant litora martio
Fletu, terraque contremit.—

Bellatorum alii facta furentium
Stridenti celebrent carmine, sertaque
Nectent temporibus:—Non citharæ graves
Martis conveniunt modi.

"Nymphæ, noster amor," Pierides metu
Perculsæ fugiunt, et trepidè petunt,
Quem dignâ decorent laude, et honoribus
Æternis cumulent lyræ.

Jam jam perspiciunt turbida litora,
Altâ et voce rogant: "Quis bonus adstitit
Mœrenti patriæ? Quis bonus emicat
Humani generis pater?

"Quis, stans intrepido corde, calumnias
Audacesque minas provocat hostium?
Cœli et munifico percitus ambitu,
Aufert terrigenis mala?

"Illius decorent tempora floribus,
Formosâque hederâ, Pimpleidum chorus;
Illius citharæ factaque prædicent
Humani generis patris."

Non dux, terrificum militiæ decus,
Non cristatus eques, turbave bellica;—
Illorum comitat pallida mors viam,
Dura et subsequitur fames.

Non qui, luxuriis doctus inanibus,
Consultus vacuæ stat sapientiæ:
Horum vana perit gloria, firmaque
Virtus nomina rejicit:

Sed qui, despiciens munera divitum,
Funestis hominum præbet opem malis;
Vitam pacificis excolit artibus,
Genti vinclaque sublevat.

Vos ergo, celebres, litoris Anglici
Splendor! Vos, medici! Tuque, salutifer
Ringi, perpetuæ mœnia gloriæ,
Scandetis pede prospero.

En! quali radio filius emicat
Sabrinæ! rutilum laudibus efferet
Nomen posteritas, grataque concinet
Vaccinæ strenuum patrem!

Nec, Ringi, meritæ percipient tua
Laudis facta minus: vivet in omnia
Clarum sæcla decus, nescia termini
Stabit famaque debita.

Musarum eximiis lauribus emines
Cingendus, propriâ luceque splendidus;
Seu pollente manu pallida febrium
Pergas agmina pellere;—

Seu, fulgore micans, Ægida proferas
Vaccinæ rutilam; dextraque, lanceam
Divinam quatiens, Variolæ fugam
Invisæ pueris dedit.

Augustæ miseris turba parentium
Complebant ululans mœnia fletibus,
Et lugent lacrymis (heu! nimis irritis!)
Matris vulnere gaudium.

Abreptum subito, et virginis ictibus
Mactatam faciem,—jam gemitus sonant ;—
Frustra ;—non speciem restituit dolor,
Sævæ aut Persephoni placet.

Tu, Ringi, studio gnarus Apollinis,
Matrum perpetuis corda timoribus
Solvis, suppeditans scutum adamantinum,
Cœlesti auxilio potens,

Dilectæ soboli præsidium dare :—
Jam crebrè volitent ebria sanguine
Circum Variolæ spicula—provocat
Pubes incolumis minas.—

Indefessus iter carpis in avias
Mendacum latebras, lætus et eripis
Insanæ tegumen nequitiæ, genus
Firmâ suppliciis manu.

Vecors afficiens ;—cæca cohors furat
Insanâ rabie ; spargat anilibus
Commenta Improbitas nisibus ;—aurea
Perstat, te duce, Veritas.

Et (seu magnanimus, concutiens comas,
Invictis domitor viribus insilit
Sylvarum, trepidis agminibus ferûm,
Instantem minitans necem,

Et crebro lacerat corpora vulnere ;
Dum, terrore citi, corripiunt fugam,
Et spelæa petunt, nocte recondita,
Sylvasque haud penetrabiles

Titanis radio :)—Sic, rapido pede,
Vaccinæ stolidis irruis hostibus ;
Nec, pergens alacer, prælia deseris,
Donec victa jacet cohors,

Invitòque gradus retrahit ; irritam
Exhalans rabiem, falsaque compitis,
Mendacis cerebri progeniem, ferens,
Nativas tenebras petit.

Sublimi solio, Variolam fugans,
Jam *Vaccina* sedet ; *Te*que perennibus
Victorem probitas laudibus accipit,
Nomen grataque prædicat.

Nec tantum medicis præditus artibus
Splendes :—*ambo* tuus *munera* præbuit.
Phœbus : Pæoniam scire potentiam,
Dextram viribus instruens ;

Et pulsare manus dulcisonæ fides
Aurato docuit pectine βαρβιτὸν,
Atque os præcipuit fundere carmina,
Sacro numine percitum.

Quam suavi citharâ Pieris Handeli
Divinam cecinit gloriam, honoribus
Lætis commemorans nomen, et emula
Fulgens splendida Batii.

Ansteius, propriis prædita gratiis,
Cui splendet salibus lucida pagina,
Vestris auxiliis matribus Anglicis
Vaccinæ recinit decus.

Et nunc Agricolis docta Britannicis
Reddet Virgilii Musa Geörgica:—
Heus! tandem *propera*, neve diutius
Secretum teneas opus.

Matris progeniem donec Amor fovet
Ferventi gremio:—donec imaginem
Ipsius genitor diligit, almaque
Mortales Pietas regit:—

Exardens juvenum dum recolit cohors
Artes ingenuas, Musave pectora
Vatum læta movet;—dumque levamina
Ægrotis medici ferunt;—

Vestris attribuet candida Veritas
Laudem promeritis:—nil valet hostium
Mendacum rabies:—nil malus impetus:
—Rupes æquora provocat.—

O! vobis facilis lentaque profluat
Annorum series; lenia præbeat
Æternus Genitor guadia, terminum
Lætumque accipiet dies.

J. D. W.

AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1807.

BY the pale embers of the fading fire,
Rapt in the dreams that Hope and Love inspire,
I keep my vigils, list'ning to the gale
That makes wild music down the twilight vale.
When the tir'd sense is hush'd, and calm repose
Steals o'er the heart at ev'ning's tranquil close,
'Tis sweet to bid a crowded world farewell,
And seek ideal bliss in Fancy's cell.
Touch'd by her wand the thronging thoughts arise
From earth's dim scenes, and mingle with the skies.
The raptur'd soul escapes her mortal frame,
And speeds her vent'rous course on wings of flame,
Pierces the shades of night with eagle gaze,
Or looks undazzled on th' empyreal blaze,—
Rides on the pennons of embattled storms,
And holds high converse with aerial forms—
But hark!—on yonder blast what accents float
'Tis the sad death-bell flings its hollow note:

It bids my mind from airy visions turn,
The sad realities of life to mourn.
And has stern Fate against thy throbbing heart
At length, my Ambrose, hurl'd th' expected dart?
Too sure thy doom is fix'd: the passing bell
Gives to the murm'ring winds thy mournful knell.
Methinks the spirits of the night I hear
Their mystic dirges muttering o'er thy bier;—
Methinks the lineaments of death I trace,
The sunken eyeball, and the livid face;—
The shroud's dim folds thy wasted limbs array,
And fierce Corruption hovers for her prey.
Adieu, fair Fancy, to thy glitt'ring views;
Their charms are dimm'd by Sorrow's black'ning hues:
Take the dear phantoms from my musing soul,
Which awful thought and hallow'd grief control.
Ambrose, thy race is run,—thy toils are o'er;
Thou dwellest where distress can wound no more:
In the still paths of life thy feet have trod,
And soon shall rest beneath the peaceful sod.
What though no trophies glitter to thy praise,
Nor Glory greet thee with her echoing lays:
Thine is a nobler boast;—with moisten'd cheek
Thy narrow dwelling-place shall Friendship seek,
And truth, thy leader through the paths of earth,
Shall tell thy children of departed worth,

And say, while pity heaves the sigh sincere,
" A son of honour'd Virtue slumbers here."
That hand, which lies transform'd to pallid clay,
Has wip'd the tear from Sorrow's cheek away:
That deafen'd ear has caught the half-breath'd sigh
Of modest want and hapless Industry:
That silenc'd tongue has wak'd the mirthful glow,
Or bade the strains of sacred Wisdom flow:
And in that lifeless heart (though stain'd within,
And stamp'd with many a trace of native sin)
Yet Holiness a new-born dwelling rear'd,
Where each bright grace of heav'nly growth appear'd;
New life she gave, and righteousness, and peace,
From Him, whose pard'ning mercies shall not cease;
Rous'd by her quick'ning pow'r, the heart arose
Triumphant o'er the world, its joys, and woes;
And, as on earth it own'd a Saviour's love,
Is own'd by Him before the hosts above.
Lamented and rever'd!—shall artless Truth
Speak thy full honours through the lips of youth?
And though thou scarce hast known my humble name,
Shall my wild harp thy virtuous praise proclaim?
Yes!—for the sons of Virtue shall be dear
To every heart, and claim the general tear.

And though, by Fortune's varying will opprest,
Ne'er was my bosom with thy friendship blest;
Ne'er did mine eyes behold thy mortal form,
Ne'er did thy voice my kindred fancy warm;
Still o'er thy tomb, by sacred sorrow led,
Let the fond muse her humble offering shed;
Weep for HER woe, whose bursting sighs bemoan
Her tender guide and lov'd associate flown:
Weep for thy babes, on life's wide ocean tost,
Their watchful sire and steadfast guardian lost;
Weep for the poor, whose tearful eyes behold
The dark damp vault their strenuous friend enfold;
Weep for myself, lamenting thou hast died,
Ere mutual friendship had our souls allied.
But see! what rays the midnight shades illume;
What heav'nly splendours pierce th' incumbent gloom!
Cherubic glories beam along the sky,
And angel forms salute the wondering eye!
Mute be the plaintive note!—I rise! I rise!
Immortal Faith her eagle wing supplies:
She lifts my fancy from the tufted sod,
To Sion's mansions, and the throne of God.
Hush'd be the voice of woe!—celestial peace
Calms my sad soul, and bids the tumult cease.
Methinks, transported to that blissful shore,
Where heavenly quires Almighty Love adore,

My ravish'd eyes innumerous throngs behold
Strike with ecstatic joy their lyres of gold,
And round Jehovah's awful throne unite,
In emerald crowns and robes of ambient light.
And who are they, yon bright exulting band,
Who round their Father King for ever stand;
With grateful zeal prolong th' adoring strain,
And shout, "All glory to the Lamb once slain?"
These are the ransom'd throng, who firmly press'd
Through life's rough storm, with heav'nly succour bless'd;
These are the joyful train, whom hallow'd woes
Bade on their Saviour's dying love repose:
Now, as with Him they suffer'd earthly care,
With Him they rest, and all his triumphs share.
And who is he, that shines with vivid grace,
While sacred beauty sparkles in his face;
Who wakes to sweetest notes th' obedient lyre,
While speechless joys his ravish'd thought inspire?
—'Tis Ambrose!—It is he!—Methinks I view
His visage crown'd with splendours ever new;
And oh! how alter'd from the child of woe,
Depress'd by sickness, and the fatal blow!
Beyond the tow'ring fancy's loftiest sway,
In realms of æther and immortal day,
High on a radiant throne he sits sublime,
And views with pitying scorn the scenes of time.

He sees the guilt-stain'd pageantries of Earth,
How brief her glories, and how vain her mirth;
And could a thought of mortal misery dart
Across the perfect angel's glowing heart,
Fain would he cry to many a blinded throng,
" How transient time! eternity how long!"
And bid each gale the solemn strain repeat,
" Prepare, fond man, prepare thy God to meet."
Cease then, my soul, thy fruitless murmur still,
And bow obedient to the Sovereign Will.
That death, which prompts thy fondly-mournful plaint,
Bore to celestial peace the conquering saint.
And thou, blest partner of his ardent love,
Doom'd the full powers of grief and joy to prove,
Oh! cease to mourn the frowns of alter'd fate,
Thy lost associate, and thy widow'd state.
Surrounding griefs may damp the starless night,
Prompt the deep sigh, and many a tear excite;
But heav'n-born rays shall deck the morning skies,
And the bright sun with healing beams arise.
There is a Power Supreme, whose mighty sway
With prostrate awe contending worlds obey;
Oh! let thy soul his cheering voice attend:
" I am the drooping widow's changeless friend;
And I will stand the orphan's faithful guide,
Crush every foe,—for every want provide."

His plastic world th' aërial plain controls,
Guides the wide world, and rules the spangled poles;
And shall not he thy bounded wish supply?
Oh! banish fear, and on his arm rely.
Still shall his guardian care thy steps direct,
Thy children foster, and thy cause protect;
Blunt the keen darts of anguish as they fly,
And wipe the tear-drop from each moisten'd eye,
Till, when thy soul, from mortal bondage freed,
While earth-born glories from thy view recede,
Mounts on the wings of Hope, and borne above
To the blest regions of delight and love,
Thy bounding feet the sacred mansions tread,
And lambent glories deck thy star-crown'd head.
And while th' unutterable transports rise,
Thy long-lov'd Ambrose shall salute thine eyes;
There in ecstatic bliss your souls shall meet,
Your crowns of glory cast at Jesus' feet;
Join with seraphic hosts the duteous lay,
Your Saviour God adore, and endless homage pay.
And ye, who weep for your departed sire,
While big tears roll, and mutual groans transpire,
Oh! while you mourn the father and the friend,
His dying precepts let your hearts attend.
Bid the pure signs of holy grief appear,
And bow to Wisdom's voice a willing ear:

And while your feet o'er rising life shall stray,
And many a care annoy the toilsome way,
Oh! keep your father's image still in view,
His virtues emulate, his course pursue;
Live, by fair Virtue's genuine sons belov'd,
And die, by Conscience and by Heav'n approv'd.
Blest spirit! if, yon starry spheres among,
Thine ear can listen to a mortal's song,
Smile on the warblings of a weak-ton'd lyre,
Which Friendship wakes, as Truth and Love inspire
And oh! may he, whose feeble hand would raise
To sacred worth a monument of praise,
Tracing thy progress to the world unknown,
Aspire with thee to hail the Saviour's throne!
When circling years the solar beam obscure,
There may we shine, of endless joy secure;
When the dim stars driv'n from their centre fly,
And lawless ruin sweeps th' embattled sky,
Still shall his arm our faith and hope sustain;
Still shall we bask in Sion's griefless plain;
Smile at frail earth in countless atoms hurl'd,
Expiring nature, and a flaming world;
Join the full concert of uniting spheres,
Rise o'er the wrecks of time, and bloom in endless years.

AN ADDRESS

TO THE

ROYAL JENNERIAN SOCIETY.

FOR THE EXTERMINATION OF THE SMALL-POX,
BY VACCINE INOCULATION;

ON THEIR ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL, MAY 17TH, 1808.

LOUD sounds the clarion through the turbid air,—
Wide o'er the plains impetuous legions glare;
To arms! To arms! the panting heroes cry,
To arms! To arms! the vocal shores reply,
Britannia's sons the patriot impulse feel,
Rush to the fight, and bare the conqu'ring steel;
While martial ardour fires the dauntless throng,
And raptur'd Poets raise th' inspiring song.
But ah! the tumults of the sanguine field
To Virtue's throbbing heart no transport yield.
Contending hosts, the trumpet's loud alarms,
The shouts of conquest, and the din of arms,

Awake no raptures in her gentle thought,
Like the glad strains by rescu'd nation's taught,
When gaunt Destruction's crimson flag is furl'd,
And heav'n-born Peace renews a wasted world.
She saddens at the load of ghastly cares,
Which man for man with studious toil prepares:
To softer themes she wakes the willing lyre,
Warm'd with a purer flame of sacred fire;
And, while each vale with notes of mirth rebounds,
Thy praise, DIVINE PHILANTHROPY, she sounds.
Is their a heart whose generous passions glow
To share another's joy,—another's woe?
Is there a breast, by Pity's flame refin'd,
That pants to work the bliss of human kind?
To you, blest PATRIOTS OF THE WORLD, she sings—
To you the Muse her humble tribute brings,
That blissful train her brightest palms receive,
Whose heav'nly toils the suff'ring earth relieve;
And, on *this* day, when Albion's chiefs conspire
From Glory's mad'ning vortex to retire,
And hail with votive songs the natal hour
Of HIM who stopp'd Contagion's deadly power,
Rous'd with a warmth to vulgar themes unknown,
She turns to joyful strains the plaintive groan:
And, while her hands unfading chaplets twine
Around her JENNER's honour'd brow to shine,

She sounds that name, to Britons ever dear,
Which checks the infant's moan, the parent's tear.
Mute be the cannon's roar!—ye thunders, cease!
Ye sprightly tabrets, wake the notes of peace:
Let Albion's virgin train HIS glory speak,
Who shields the roses on the vermeil cheek:
In festal songs, ye parent band, reply,
While Joy's bright tear-drop glistens in each eye;
And lisp HIS name, ye blooming infant throngs,
Whose heav'n-directed arm your vital breath prolongs.
Let others urge the glittering toils of War,
Yok'd to Ambition's desolating car;
Rush to th' ensanguin'd plains, or, madly brave,
Impel deluded myriads to the grave:
'Tis thine, blest JENNER, with auspicious hand,
To chase one Demon from the trembling land,—
Avert the fainting babe's impending doom,
And rescue nations from the yawning tomb.
Too long VARIOLA, with blood-stain'd vest,
Prowl'd o'er the plains, and shuddering earth oppress;—
Chill'd the sad heart, polluted ev'ry gale,
And spread contagion o'er th' affrighted vale.
Ye agonizing train, who drop the tear
Of speechless anguish o'er th' infantile bier;

Ye lovers, doom'd in beauty's prime to mourn
Your dear associates from your bosom torn;—
Oh! say what ills have prey'd on hopeless man,
Since, curs'd VARIOLA, thy reign began.
Affection's groan,—the parent's piercing cry,—
Rose on each gale, and echo'd to the sky.
Th' Almighty Father heard the deathful moan,
And bade Compassion leave her starry throne;
Swift at his voice the meek-eye'd seraph flew,
Till earth's blue mountains glimmer'd in her view,
With downy pinion cleft th' aërial way,
And bade her wand the tide of anguish stay.
Far from the crowded haunts of empty fame,
She wak'd in JENNER'S breast a kindred flame;
Straight in his hand a steely point she plac'd,
With matchless pow'rs and guardian virtues grac'd,
And said: "With THIS yon SPECKLED FIEND disarm;
With THIS, Contagion's rav'nous fury charm;
This shall relieve the parent's drooping soul,
Sweet hope inspire, and anxious doubt controul."
Rous'd at her strains, with Virtue's hallow'd glow,
Content his rural pleasures to forego,
His steadfast heart sustain'd the toilsome care,
That every clime his healing gifts might share.
With strong benevolence, his tow'ring mind
The lures of wealth and private gain resign'd,

While distant chiefs, by Wisdom's dictates led,
Wide o'er each land VACCINA's blessings spread.
*See! at Philanthropy's divine command,
Thy sons, Iberia, quit their native strand;

* The expedition to which this passage alludes, is of a nature unprecedented in the annals of history. A detailed account of its origin and completion has appeared in a Supplement to the Madrid Gazette of Oct. 14th, 1806, which informs us, that "on Sunday, the 17th of September last, Dr. Francis Xavier Balmis, Surgeon Extraordinary to the King of Spain, had the honour of kissing his majesty's hand on occasion of his return from a voyage round the world, executed with the sole object of carrying to all the ultramarine possessions of the crown of Spain, and to those of several other nations, the inestimable gift of Vaccine Inoculation." Dr. Balmis, accompanied by several members of the Faculty, sailed from Corunna on the 30th of November 1803, carrying with him twenty-two children, who had never undergone the small-pox, for the purpose of keeping up a successive series of inoculations, and effectually preserving the vaccine virus during the voyage. The expedition proceeded in two divisions, which severally circumnavigated the globe, disseminating Vaccination as they went, through every nation, whether friends or foes. They communicated it, among the rest, to the English, at St. Helena, and to the Visayan Islands,

With dauntless hope innumerous toils they dare,
From pole to pole the VITAL GIFT to bear.
No deep-mouth'd cannons thunder o'er the main,
No sanguine fights the placid wave distain,
But smiling Peace her olive-branch displays,
And faltering infants lisp their Guardian's praise,
As on their arms the sov'reign shield they show,
Whose heav'nly powers repel th' ERUPTIVE FOE,
With mystic charm extend the fleeting breath,
And blunt the direst of the shafts of death.
From the bleak plains, which lasting snows o'erwhelm,
To Lybia's wilds, and Afric's parching realm;—
From boist'rous Oronooko's headlong stream,
To where the Brahmin hymns the solar beam;—
VACCINA reigns, with deathless honours crown'd,
And spreads her glad'ning influence wide around;
And here, commission'd from the realms above,
Demands a nation's thanks, a nation's love.

"the chiefs of which," says the Gazette, "accustomed to wage perpetual war with us, have laid down their arms, admiring the generosity of an enemy, who conferred upon them the blessings of health and life, at a time when they were labouring under the ravages of an epidemic small-pox." In the progress of the expedition 230,000 persons were successfully vaccinated.

In vain would Envy, with her venal horde,
Assail that name by distant climes ador'd,*
Or hellish Avarice, leagu'd with Death, obtain
Her private interest from the public bane.—
Ye sordid minds, to genuine worth unjust,
Roll in your native mire, and lick the dust.
But know, VACCINA claims a loftier fame,
While thronging patriots bless her honour'd name;
And, as her friends with liberal ardour meet,
To pour their bounteous offerings at her feet,
Britannia crowns the deed with just applause,
And beams propitious on the glorious cause;
A long-lov'd king his generous aid combines,
And Truth, obscur'd in vain, triumphant shines.
These are our glories:†—and, while these remain,
Still shall VACCINA spread her cheering reign;

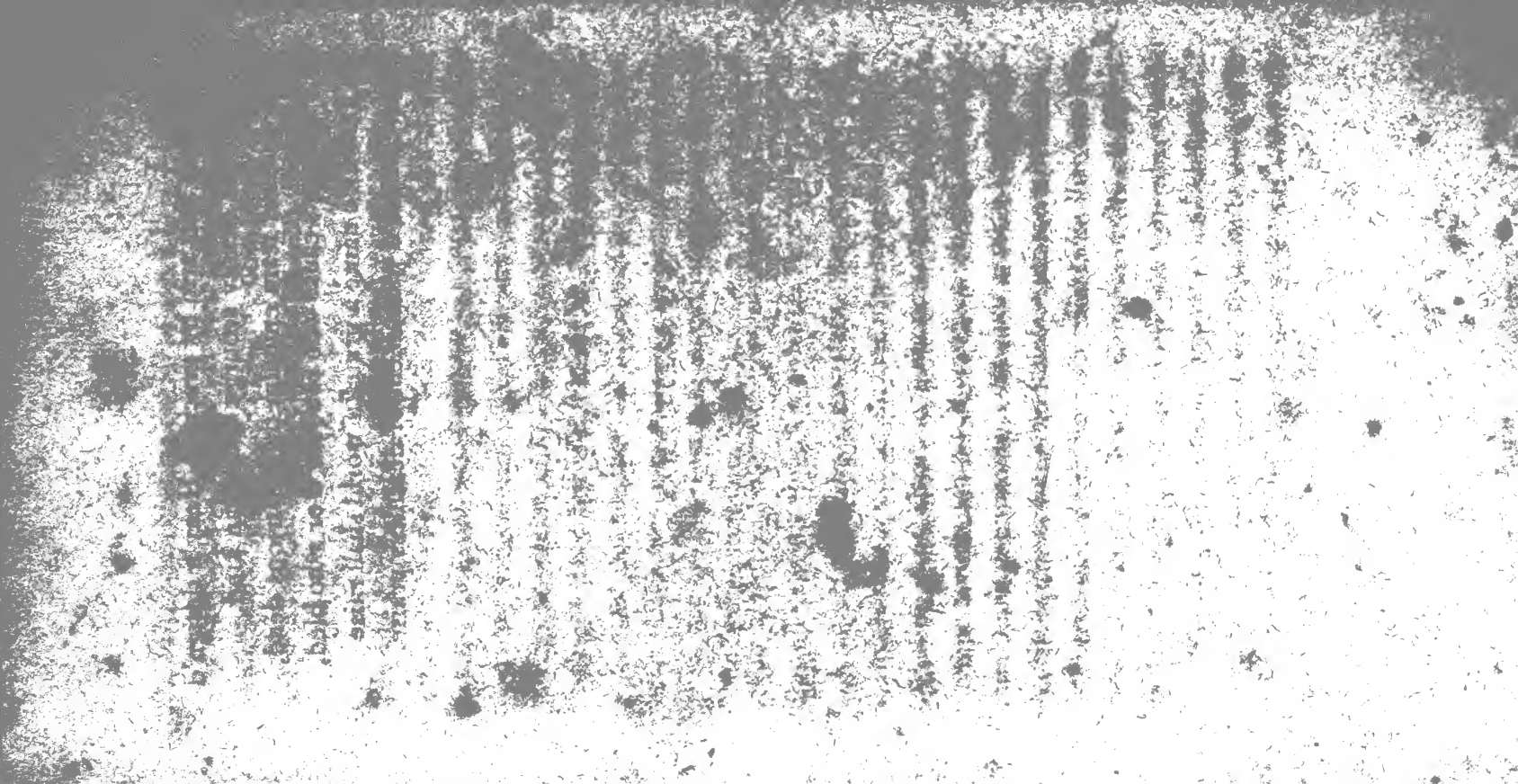
* A letter which is printed in page 104 of this volume contains an account of a ceremony annually practised among the Germans, which fully justifies this expression, however improper it may appear.

†In forming an estimate of the merits of Vaccination the Author would be unwilling to repose upon the opinion of an individual, of a society, or of a nation. But the experience of the whole world has given the most decided testimonialin favour of the practice; andshould any secondary testimonial be required, the evidence of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, of

Still shall her healing energies extend,
Our cares alleviate, and our race befriend;
And future ages, wondering as they read
Of woes, which *once* the SPECKLED FIEND decreed,

London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, which, after the most laborious investigation, was laid before the British Senate, must convey peculiar satisfaction to the mind of every Englishman. Their report contains an impartial discussion of the subjects, and concludes by stating "that they feel it their duty strongly to recommend the practice of Vaccination. They have been led to this conclusion by no preconceived opinion, but by the most unbiassed judgment, formed from an irresistible weight of evidence which has been laid before them. For when the number, the respectability, the disinterestedness, and the extensive experience of its advocates, is compared with the feeble and imperfect testimonies of its few opposers; and when it is considered that many, who were once adverse to Vaccination, have been convinced by further trials, and are now to be ranked among its warmest supporters, the truth seems to be established as firmly as the nature of such a question admits; so that the College of Physicians conceive that the Public may reasonably look forward with some degree of hope to the time when all opposition shall cease, and the general concurrence of mankind shall at length be able to put an end to the ravages at least, if not to the existence, of the Small-Pox."

Shall bless that arm by gracious Heav'n design'd
T' avert the deadly scourge of human kind,
And, as their tears embalm th' illustrious dead,
In Freedom's cause who conquer'd or who bled,
To JENNER's name a grateful world shall raise
The well-earn'd monument of deathless praise.



SONNETS.

SONNET I.

TO AFFECTION.

Sweet nymph, who wander'st o'er the tufted vales,
Warbling soft minstrelsy, while op'ning flowers
Thy twining locks embrace, and balmy gales
With love-fraught accents fill thy jasmine bowers;
Oh! come, my sorrowing moments to beguile,
And bring the speaking look, the tender sigh,
The timid glance, the soul-enchanting smile,
And the soft tear that flows, unknowing why.
By the still streamlet, o'er the dewy mead,
While Philomela trills her melting lay,
Thy favouring star my willing steps shall lead,
And one lov'd friend endear my lonely way.
The joys of Apathy let others prove;—
Be mine the sweet solicitudes of Love.

SONNET II.

TO A FRIEND GOING TO LONDON.

From the dear village and its flow'ry dell,
To Pride's tumultuous scenes thy feet must go;
See, where Augusta's glittering turrets swell,
Wide-blended haunts of pleasure and of woe!
And while thy soul to Wealth and Fame aspires,
Thou'lt scorn the vale in Nature's beauties drest;
But say,—can glory satiate thy desires?
Can shining gold atone for banish'd rest?
'Tis o'er a gloomy waste we're doom'd to tread,
And wiser they, who strew their path with flowers;
Twine the gay chaplet for their weary head,
And nurse bright visions in Retirement's bowers;
Than they, who toil in Grandeur's idler schemes,
Yok'd to the car of Pride, or lull'd in Glory's dreams.

SONNET III.

HOME.—TO A FRIEND.

FRIEND of my heart, whose feet with mine would stray
From Greenland's deserts to the glowing Line;
Ah! why to distant climes direct our way?
What scenes more bright than yonder woodlands shine?
There, in some cot, from busy toils withdrawn,
To us shall Friendship's noblest joys be given;
Together will we rove at peep of dawn,
Together watch the friendly star of even.
And oft, beneath the pale moon's pearly ray,
We'll linger near some fountain's murm'ring fall;
Catch the sweet nightingale's congenial lay,
And bless with grateful songs the Lord of All.
Oh! whither would our flutt'ring fancy roam,
While Friendship, Health, and Peace endear our tranquil home?

SONNET IV.

PLEASURE.

HASTE then, ye wand'rers to the haunts of Pride;
Tread the gay circles of the mazy dance;
With reeling hearts in Pleasure's wilds advance,
And breathe her poisonous gales.—Where Avon's tide
Rolls in light murmurs to the western deep,
Meanwhile I rest, and on her willowy shore
Sit list'ning to Sabrina's soften'd roar.
Or watch the sea-gull o'er the rocky steep
His circling flight pursue.—Devotion's power
Lifts my freed spirit to th' empyreal plains;
On Ecstacy's immortal wings upborne,
My glowing heart your grov'ling bliss disdains:
I pluck th' unfading rose, without a thorn;—
You feel the piercing thorn, yet miss the flower.

SONNET V.

TO THE RIVER FROOME.

Sweet, lovely stream,—across my native lawn
That roll'st in modest pride thy silent wave;
My willing feet, by magic impulse drawn,
Seek the dear meadows which thy waters lave.
Oft, with the partners of my youthful play,
I pluck'd the cowslip from thy tufted side,
And, as we bask'd in Pleasure's orient ray,
In gadding balls the drooping flowrets tied.
Pure was my bosom as thy glassy face,
Soft as thy wave my blissful moments flow'd;
Now, while my eyes thy well-known beauties trace,
They add fresh weight to Sorrow's whelming load.
Scenes once belov'd my anxious heart annoy:
Sad are the monuments of long-lost joy.

SONNET VI.

ON A SUICIDE.

WHERE yon pale cypress shades the lonely way,
Sleep the cold relics of a lovely maid:
Long did the star of Peace, with cloudless ray,
Beam on her path; till barb'rous man betray'd
Her soft, unpractis'd heart.—Awhile she gaz'd
With horror on herself; till grim Despair
To her pale lips the fatal goblet rais'd,
Drugg'd with the poisonous draught.—With idiot stare,
And frenzied laugh, she heav'd the bitter throe,
Till Death's chill dews her beauteous face o'erspread,
And dimm'd her sparkling eye.—O child of woe!
Light lie the green-sward on thy hapless head!
But what shall be the guilt-stain'd wretch's doom,
Whose treacherous passion hurl'd thee to the tomb?

SONNET VII.

WRITTEN IN A GROTTO, CONTAINING THE BUSTS OF ILLUSTRIOUS HEROES.

Deck'd with bright guerdons of immortal fame,
In native splendour Albion's heroes shine;
A wondering world resounds their boasted name,
And twining laurels deck their brilliant shrine.
But say, cherubic train, whose flaming quire
Fill with ecstatic lays the vocal sky,
Are these the race, whom Heav'n's eternal Sire
Views with peculiar smile and fav'ring eye?
Go,—to yon moss-clad cell direct thy feet;
There shall thine eyes a nobler Hero view;—
See suppliant Faith infernal powers defeat,
And heav'nly Grace Corruption's might subdue.
This lowly Conqueror of himself survey,
And ah! how mean is Grandeur's dazzling ray!

SONNET VIII.

WRITTEN IN A BOWER DEDICATED TO PEACE.

The spreading beech and verdant ivy twine,
And op'ning roses deck the friendly bower;
Yet, ah! though Nature's brightest charms combine,
Not *here* will Peace extend her soothing power.
'Tis not Ambition's bait, nor Splendour's show,
Can lure the placid virgin's ling'ring feet;
But the blest heart, where heav'nly passions glow,
She calls her joyful dome, her hallow'd seat.
If humble Faith inspire the longing breast,
If conscious guilt excite the sorrowing prayer,
Though poor, illiterate, destitute, oppress'd,
The cherub rears her holy temple *there;*
And, when fell Time the blooming bow'r destroys,
Will fill the grateful heart with Heav'n's immortal joys.

SONNET IX.

TO AMBITION.

Sound thy shrill conch, thou queen of anxious cares,
And lift thy lurid torch, whose dazzling rays
May lure the fond crowd o'er thy slippery ways,
To chase the visionary prize, that glares
Upon thy rocky height.—The balmy gale,
That whispers peace, is sweeter to my breast
Than all thy lurements, and my wishes rest
In the lov'd cot that smiles on yonder vale.
The cumbrous glories of the proud and rich
Within my heart no envious thought awake;
When death-fraught storms th' aspiring mountains shake,
Peace spreads her wing around my humble niche:
I view the distant clouds with fearless eye,
And for the sons of Grandeur heave a sigh.

SONNET X.

ON A RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

Spirit of Death! who rais'd thy vengeful arm,
Against my fainting breast to shake thy dart,—
Foil'd is thy rage, and past thy dread alarm,
For Heav'n hath spar'd me, and my bounding heart
Wakes to new life. Yet, 'midst the jovial strain
Of health and joy, the tear will dew my cheek,
For stern reflection to my soul will speak,
And say, dire spirit, thou shalt come again.
Again thou shalt assail this trembling frame,
Seize the dropt dart, and hurl it to my breast,
Quench with thy poisonous breath my vital flame,
And fold me in the grave's eternal rest.
Oh! let my soul, in health's returning bloom,
Wean'd from the toys of time, prepare to meet her doom.

SONNET XI.

Thou who hast lov'd, in luxury of grief,
To pause, at midnight, o'er the tear-bath'd tomb
Of the lost friend, and sought a sad relief
In the drear cloister's melancholy gloom;
Thy heart will throb in unison with mine,
While to the mansions of the dead I go,—
O'er a lov'd father's humble grave recline,
Drop the fond tear, and heave the tender throe.
Thrice-honour'd saint, if, from thy radiant sphere,
Thou see'st thy child, a weary pilgrim here,
If to thy thought my wants and woes are known,
Oh! through the cheerless wild my feet must tread,
Guide my lone course, defend my hapless head,
And fire my soul to virtues like thy own.

SONNET XII.

WRITTEN AT FRAMPTON UPON SEVERN.

FRAMPTON! I love to stray thy meads along,—
To mark the church-tow'r glimmering through the trees
That skirt thy green, and catch the mellow song,
Borne from yon woodlands by the perfum'd breeze.
Now, rapt in musings, from some sloping mound,
I watch the skiff on Severn's billowy tide,—
Trace the blue hills that lift their heads around,
And count the herds that grace their verdant side.
Sweet are thy charms, by lavish Nature given,
Yet, lovely spot! a prouder boast is thine;
For oft the muses, at the close of even,
Have warbled in thy grove their songs divine;
And while they breath'd the strain with rapture fraught,
Their sweetest lays thy favour'd GARDNER taught!

SONNET XIII.

AMBITION TRIUMPHANT OVER LOVE.

No more, ye Deities of soft desire,
With votive incense at your shrine I bow;
In other breasts illume your treacherous fire;
For wisdom's manlier bliss I breathe my vow.
Say, shall the soul, of godlike essence form'd,
Pine with fond anguish in the bow'r of Love?
Oh! let me rise with holy transport warm'd,
Spurn the vain lure, and seek my bliss above.
The smiles of Beauty, and the songs of Mirth
I leave,—to commune with the mighty dead;
Children of glory, sons of honour'd worth,—
O'er my glad breast your kindling spirit shed.
To Fame's bright steep my eager feet aspire:
Farewell, ye Deities of soft desire!

SONNET XIV.

VAIN is th' impassion'd vow that Fancy breathes
For happiness below.—The child of hope
Awhile may saunter on the sunny slope,
And twine the wild-flow'rs in fantastic wreaths;
Yet, ere he gains the mountain's arduous height,
Nipt are their beauties by the chilling blast;
And thorny wilds, with labouring clouds o'ercast,
Burst in dread horrors on his aching sight.
Trill your gay songs,—exult in youthful prime,
Ye sons of joy, and grasp the fleeting hour:—
Soon shall ye feel oppression's ravenous power;
Soon shall your vision's fade, your transports die.
Ah! blest are they, who seek a happier clime,
Nor trust the bliss that blooms beneath the sky.

SONNET XV.

WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SIDE.

Ye hoary cliffs, in awful grandeur pil'd,
Ye rocks, that to the waves your bosoms bare,
'Mid the lone caverns of your peaceful wild,
A weary wanderer seeks to hide his care,
True, ye may frown obdurate on my cries,
Yet more obdurate is the heart of man;
Your wandering herds are heedless of my sighs;
But, ah! more heedless is the human clan.
Yet, O ye solitudes, your haunts among
A respite from her pangs my soul may gain;
To answering waves she pours her plaintive song,
Unvext by pride, and folly's taunting train:
Your friendly tenants shall my griefs beguile;
No treachery lurks within their soothing smile.

SONNET XVI.

Oh for some shadowy glen, some turf-built shed,
On the dark bosom of the pathless waste,
In whose lone haunts, with welcome horrors grac'd,
The child of grief may rest his aching head!
I ask not happiness,—illusive prize!
Yet, must I languish in eternal tears?
Must pining grief consume my transient years,
And every gale be loaded with my sighs?
O Peace! receive me to thy silent cell:
There let my soul in stagnant ease recline:
Round my pale brows thy soothing poppies twine,
And each fond sense of grief or joy dispel:
Too faithful Memory, bid thy forms depart;
And take, O treacherous Hope, thy visions from my heart.

SONNET XVII.

THE THUNDER-STORM.

See! the wild Tempest-Fiend through bursting clouds
His fiery chariot wheels.—With thund'ring sound
Rush the red bolts of vengeance, and around
Terrific night the deathful triumph shrouds,
Save where the lightning's flash with lurid gleams
Gilds the wide waste.—The giddy and the gay
Aghast may tremble, as they blithely stray
Where pleasure lights their path with dazzling beams
Of cloudless joyance. But I love to view
This sweetly-mournful scene; yon whirlwind's boom
Is music to my ear, and midnight's gloom
More welcome than the landscape's brightest hue.
For while my soul her blasted bliss bemoans,
In unison with me Creation groans.

SONNET XVIII.

THE TEMPEST.

The moaning winds are up:—with joyful eyes
I view the black storm low'ring o'er my head;
And, while the clouds their kindred horrors spread,
Gaze with wild rapture on th' embattled skies.
All hail, ye warring tempests!—ye are dear
To feelings such as mine.—I love to pour,
Symphonious with the torrent's turbid roar,
My bitter sighs, and swell with many a tear
The foaming surge.—Dark is yon mantling shade,
Yet blacker is the gloom that shrouds my soul.
Fierce as the whirlwinds that deform the pole,
Yet fiercer storms my fainting breast invade.
Ah! when shall Peace her healing beams display,
Shine o'er my heart, and smile the storm away?

SONNET XIX.

FAITH.

O LIFE! thou art a dreary waste, o'erspread
With thorns and briers, and whelm'd in shades of death;
And, should a rose-bud rear its tender head,
'Tis wither'd by oppression's poisonous breath.
O'er thy polluted paths the sons of Time
Their gloomy course beguile with plantive cries:
But who is she, that lifts her brow sublime,—
Looks on the waste, and seems to grasp the skies!
'Tis Faith!—I trace her light-encircled form,
Her heav'n-directed eye, her cherub mien:
Without a fear she views the low'ring storm,
And treads without a sigh the baleful scene.
Unmov'd she smiles at sorrow's darkest gloom,
And sings of happiness—beyond the tomb.

SONNET XX.

TO AFFLUENCE.

EFFULGENT Goddess! at whose gem-crown'd shrine,
Rapt in wild dreams contending suppliants fall!
No frequent votary to thy power divine,
Now proffers at thy foot the fervent call.
No sordid store, no pompous boon, I crave;
For well the groves and prattling streamlets know,
My soul disdains ambition's venal slave,
The hoards of avarice, and the lures of show.
Come, Power benign! my bounded wish complete:
Oh! crown the vow by temper'd Reason form'd;
Give me the rural cot, the calm retreat,
With letter'd ease and social bounty warm'd;
Give me—enough to succour the distrest,
Enough to render my Elmira blest.

SONNET XXI.

RESIGNATION.

Ye, who have felt affliction's searching fang,
Oh! tell a wretch o'erwhelm'd by kindred woes,
What charm can yield the grief-worn breast repose?
What balm can solace the corroding pang
Of heart-consuming anguish? Shall I seek
The faithless scenes of pleasure as they fly?
Or shall the zephyrs of a distant sky
Restore the roses to my faded cheek?
Vain were the thought.—O Pleasure, than the wind
More fleet, more false,—thy charms no more I woo:
My soul shall trust alone her Father, God.
Here will I rest with holy hope resign'd,
Till heav'n's full glories burst upon my view,
And He, who scourg'd, remove the friendly rod.

SONNET XXII.

TO HOPE.

Ah visionary flatterer! why delude
My swelling fancy with thine airy dream?
Why on my soul thy dazzling forms obtrude,
Inconstant as the meteor's fleeting gleam?
Fair are thy phantom's as the changeful hues
That lend their charms to heav'n's aërial bow;
Yet ah! as transient are the lovely views,
And short-liv'd rapture yields to lasting woe.
Tir'd of thy treacherous lures, my rescu'd soul
Mounts with strong faith beyond the sphere of time,
And seeks th' eternal shore, where pleasures roll,
And bliss shall flourish in immortal prime.
Daughter of magic wiles, a long farewell!
On yonder starry plains my wishes dwell.

SONNET XXIII.

YOUTHFUL EXPECTATION.

GAY child of Hope! unfurl thy flutt'ring sails—
Bid the bright streamer wanton in the breeze,
And launch adventurous on th' unruffled seas,
'Midst dancing sunbeams, and propitious gales;—
Yet oh!—impatient voyager, beware.—
Bright are thy prospects, cloudless are thy skies;
But ah! how soon devouring storms may rise,
Yon broken rafts and shatter'd sails declare.
Go, and be prosperous. May the sun of bliss
Shine on thy course, and fav'ring zephyrs blow:
But I too well the treacherous ocean know
To quit my refuge for the vast abyss:
Pleas'd I behold my weary wand'rings close,
And bless th' Almighty arm that guides me to repose.

SONNET XXIV.

THE HEAVENLY VISION.

Ye spirits of the just, who circle round
With everlasting lays your Father King;
And bid th' ecstatic lyre His glory sound,
Till heav'n's high concave with your praises ring,—
Oft has my soul with holy rapture stray'd,
Entranc'd in visions, o'er your sapphire plains,
Your bow'rs of bliss with ravish'd eye survey'd,
And heard your sweet unutterable strains.
Your ransom'd throng, array'd in robes of white,
With mingling cherubs, fed my longing gaze,
But ah! for man too rapturous was the sight,
And nature sunk in glory's dazzling blaze.
I mourn to wake amidst a world of woe:—
When shall I join the scenes your heav'nly visions show?

SONNET XXV.

WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS OF AN ABBEY.

Ye rev'rend cloisters, o'er whose mouldering seats
  Celestial Peace her gray-plum'd wing displays,—
  Deep to your lone recesses, from the blaze
Of earthly pomp, my weary soul retreats.
Bow'd by Oppression's rod, your kindred gloom
  Shall soothe my pining sorrows, and awhile
  Immortal hope the pangs of grief beguile.
Here shall Reflection, on the moss-clad tomb
Leaning her pensive head, with piercing eye
  Gaze on the glories of the eternal year,
  When heavenly hands shall wipe each starting tear,
And crown with pleasures that shall never die.
She bids my soul her mortal cares dismiss,
Rapt in the visions of immortal bliss.

SONNET XXVI.

THE CELL OF PEACE.

Ye scenes of earth-born pride,—a long farewell!
No more your phantoms shall my heart enslave;
Oh! take the grief-encircled joys ye gave,
And let me linger in some lonely cell,
Where yet the cherub Innocence may show
Her spotless beauties, and seraphic Peace
Bid the wild tumults of my soul to cease,
And wipe with lenient hand the tear of woe.
And there, sweet soother of the wounded heart,
Shall meek-ey'd Faith her healing balm apply:
While Hope shall wave her fulgent torch on high,
And, as the pageants of an hour depart,
Shall point to mansions of immortal rest,
And wake the holy anthems of the blest.

SONNET XXVII.

TO A FRIEND ON THE BANKS OF THE SEVERN.

WITHIN thy woodbin'd cot, on Severn's marge,
In rural peace thou dwell'st. Thy moments glide
With peaceful tenour, and the toys of pride
Reach not thy cell. Yet should thy soul enlarge
At Wealth's deceitful views; should Glory's sound
Wake the fond wish, or Grandeur prompt thy vow,
Turn thy lone footsteps to yon mountain's brow,
And mark the mingled scenes that spread around.
There shalt thou view the streamlet's glassy wave
Glad the fair vale, and flow'rs adorn its verge;
There shalt thou see the distant ocean rave,
And whelm the bark beneath its mad'ning surge;
Like the calm riv'let be thy tranquil life;—
More fierce than ocean's rage is pride's tumultuous strife.

SONNET XXVIII.

TO SORROW.

And wilt thou come, O unrelenting power,
Eternal partner of my dreary way?
And dost thou seek again my lonesome bower,
Crush my fond hopes, and cloud my youthful day?
Once more, with trembling eyes, thy well-known form
I mark descending through the turbid air;
In darkness wrapt thou ridest on the storm,
With Sin thy parent, and thy child Despair.
Yet though frail nature trembles at thy sight,
Thou comest to my heart a friendly guest:
'Tis thine to chase the phantoms of delight,
Mould the stern will, and cleanse the guilty breast.
Oh! banish from my thought the dreams of time,
And point the sufferer to th' immortal clime!

SONNET XXIX.

MIDNIGHT.

'Tis midnight, and the ruthless wintry blast
Howls o'er the fragments of the founder'd bark!
See! the swoln corses on the strand are cast,
Hurl'd by the warring elements; and hark!
'Tis the wreck'd mariner's expiring shriek,
Who grasp'd th' o'erhanging cliff with desp'rate force,
Yet, while his feet some nook of shelter seek,
Is buried in the wild wave's refluent course.
Mourners! who frame the fond lamenting tale
O'er fancied evils,—look on real woe:
What are the cares that prompt your tender wail,
What, to the rending pangs that others know?
With grief like yours, the sufferers would be blest,
And deem your sorrows bliss, your tumults rest.

SONNET XXX.

TO AN AFFLICTED FRIEND.

YES, while thou ling'rest in thy tent of clay,
Attendant on thy path distress shall go;
Yet weep not o'er the griefs that crowd thy way,
For Wisdom dwells within the house of woe.
The sneer of Pride, with Envy's harpy fang,
The throes of baffled Hope, and slighted Love,
Shall rive thy lab'ring breast with many a pang.
Oh! let them lift thy thoughts the earth above,
Let the gay worldling mock thy plaintive sigh;
Yet there is one, whose ear attends thy cry;
His love shall guide thee, and his pow'r defend.
Poor pilgrim! cease thy visionary fears,
Let holy rapture dry thy bitter tears:—
The God of Mercy is thy faithful friend.

SONNET XXXI.

A MORNING SKETCH.

BRIGHT Phosphor lingers in the red'ning sky
And feather'd songsters hail the rising day;
The meadows laugh, with golden beauties gay,
And russet hills rebound the reaper's cry.
Hark! 't is the milkmaid chanting o'er her pail,
The whistling ploughboy saunters through the shade,
The fleecy charges deck the whitening glade,
And sportive lambkins frisk along the vale.
The vigorous team slow lobours in the dell,
While the shrill bells in mingled cadence sound,
And there, remote from Fashion's giddy round,
Sings the blithe shepherd, in his turf-built cell.
Ye cities! what can all your pomp afford,
To vie with scenes like these, with spotless pleasure stor'd?

SONNET XXXII.

SISTER belov'd! if pure Affection's lay,
Though short, an echo in thy heart may find,
Accept the warm vows from a brother's mind
Breath'd in a faithful strain, to greet the day
That gave thee birth. To live in lengthen'd years
I pray not for thee, for too well I know
That Earth's most pleasant paths are paths of woe;
And soon each pilgrim's cheek is worn with tears:
But this I pray, that holy Faith may raise
Thy wishes from the world: how brief thy date
It matters not, if Jesu's love create
Thy ransom'd soul anew, and guide thy ways.
Then may thy cares for earthly prospects end,
Heav'n is thy home, thy Saviour is thy friend.

SONNET XXXIII.

WRITTEN IN A COTTAGE.

HERE, from the scenes of pageant pride releas'd,
Embower'd in bliss the rev'rend Herbert dwells;
Quits the false earth, on heav'nly joys to feast,
And seeks for Wisdom in her rural cells.
Though void of burdening Wealth's redundant store,
A frugal board his daily want supplies;
Unskill'd in Sophistry's deceitful lore,
With humble Faith he rests,—divinely wise.
So, when my social duties are discharg'd,
No more on transitory cares intent;
Here let me rest, from earth-born toils enlarg'd,
While Faith and Hope their healing balm present.
Thus let my feet their destin'd circle run,—
Life's noblest comfort's share,—its deathful tumult shun.

SONNET XXXIV.

TO ROBERT BLOOMFIELD,

AUTHOR OF "THE FARMER'S BOY," &c. &c.

Sweet poet of the mead! whose artless muse,
To Virtue sacred and to Genius dear,
Rob'd the bright landscape in unfading hues,
And sang the beauties of the varying year;
Long as the wild thrush carols through the wood,
Long as the ploughshare cleaves th' indented lea,
So long thy strains shall charm the wise and good,
And Fame shall twine her fairest wreaths for thee.
This be thy glory:—not that Nature's powers
Thy fancy kindled at her sacred shrine;—
Not that she bade thee sing her rosy bowers,
And breath'd a soul along each flowing line:
But that, by Virtue's holy flame refin'd,
Thy *pages* but reflect the beauties of thy *mind*.

SONNET XXXV.

TO THE NAIADS OF THE LAKES IN CUMBERLAND.

Ye nymphs, that skim along the silvery lakes,
Where Skiddaw's hoary brow reflected shows,
Say, can your lonesome dells, and flow'ry brakes,
Yield a calm shelter from devouring woes?
Then would I raise my cot your streams beside,
And wake the merry harp to love and joy;—
The scenes of grief Oblivion's veil should hide,
And Hope's gay dreams my roving thoughts employ.
Yet stay, my fluttering heart!—Beneath a sky
More bright, more pure, my bounding feet may range:
But canst thou from thyself, O wanderer! fly?
Can fairer suns thy sinful nature change?
No more the chase of earth-born pleasures try;
Let all thy wishes centre in the sky.

SONNET XXXVI.

When blushing Eve unveils the starry fires,
As o'er the plains I roam with pensive eye,
My fellow-swains, with taunting laughter, cry:
"See the frail youth, whom ill-starr'd love inspires!"
And many a sage with leaden tongue exclaims,
"Fond swain! the tyrant from thy breast repel:
"Shun the dire shaft,—the deadly tumult quell,
"And quench by Reason's pow'r the lurking flames."
Yes! my Elmira!—to the sapient strain
Which Reason pours, my duteous heart shall bow;
For—Reason smiles upon my tender vow,
And firmer binds Affection's golden chain.
Reason and Love to crown my choice agree:
I love with reason when I gaze on thee.

SONNET XXXVII.

TO THE REV. J*** E***, OF YATTON, SOMERSETSHIRE.

WHERE peaceful Yatton lifts her humble fane,
Oft have I heard thy sweetly-pow'rful tongue
In virtue's path direct the rural train,
While on thy voice persuasive Wisdom hung.
Yet, while thy strains my pensive bosom warm'd,
With fruitless grief I saw thy cultur'd mind,
For crowded courts and peopled cities form'd,
To the green hamlet's moss-crown'd cells confin'd.
If lingering Health requires thy distant stay,
Let other climes thy mental labours share,
The beauteous transcript of thy soul convey,
And bid thy pen Religion's notes prepare:
These, when thy tongue shall moulder in the sod,
Will guide the yielding heart—to Virtue and to God.

SONNET XXXVIII.

TO IMAGINATION.

CELESTIAL visitant!—whose magic wiles
The wintry gloom with vernal flow'rs can dress:
The tints of Mirth on Sorrow's cheek impress,
Or deck with glowing scenes the midnight aisles;
Oh come! refulgent in thy loveliest smiles;
This lowly cell with purest raptures bless:
On this sad heart exert thy pleasing guiles,
And cheer with sparkling scenes my lone recess.
Farewell, ye charmless visions of renown!
For softer joys my chasten'd wishes burn;
One long-lov'd object to my soul restore;
With one dear form my silent wand'rings crown,
And bid her image to these vales return,
Though envious Fate immures on Severn's joyless shore.

SONNET XXXIX.

O LYRE of Grief, o'er whose unhallow'd strings,
By Misery taught, my careless fingers stray'd:
No more my soul invokes thy mournful aid,
My voice no more its cheerless descant sings.
Though still my heart thy sorrowing murmurs suit,
How vain in fruitless agonies to pine!
Oh come, fond muse! the plaintive harp resign,
Try the shrill tabret,—wake the sounding lute.
In vain thy note my sufferings would relieve,
Yet ah! one hope of happier scenes infuse;
For one short hour my shuddering heart amuse,
And the sad sense of haggard woe deceive.
Thus, for a while, the pangs of grief remove,
Each care alleviate, and each bliss improve.

SONNET XL.

WRITTEN ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

See! to the busy town's discordant noise
What giddy wanderers urge their idle flight;
For transient splendour leave perennial joys,
And, grasping shadows, quit sincere delight.
I envy not, fond crowd! your gilded woe;
Be mine the pleasure Nature's charms impart:
Hence your perfidious smile, and cumbrous show;
Be mine the joys that penetrate the heart.
Though Plenty glads no more th' unbleating dale,
How sweet th' encircled fire,—the social board;
To gather wisdom from the snow-clad vale,
To share the bliss domestic scenes afford;
And, 'mid the rattling storm, and dreary gloom,
Thy power, O Love! can bid unfading flowrets bloom.

SONNET XLI.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT, ON THE CONCLUSION OF THE YEAR 1806.

HEARD ye the bell that echo'd through the bound?
Hark!—'t is the knell of the departed year:
Ye sons of earth! its awful tidings hear;
For you the melancholy tidings sound.
O death! what ruthless havoc hast thou made!
Pierc'd by thy dart, what countless myriads fall!
Now the lone shepherd hears thy dooming call,
And now the monarch in the dust is laid.
And ah! ere Time renews the wintry gloom,
I too may slumber in the dreary tomb;
This heart may cease to throb, *this* pulse to beat.
Father of Heav'n! thou know'st my future state;
Teach me to brave the frowns of angry fate,
And Death himself with cheering hope to meet.

SONNET XLII.

TRANSLATION OF PETRARCH'S FORTY-THIRD SONNET.

Yon tuneful nightingale, whose tender lay
Her ravish'd young, a much-lov'd mate bemoans,
Soft as she trills her wild notes from the spray,
Charms the lone valley with her soothing tones:
And through the night she seems to share my woes,
And mourn the kindred pangs that prompt my sigh;
Pangs that alone from erring Fancy rose,
Which dreamt a goddess should the grave defy.
How soon will Hope the slumb'ring heart surprise!
How could my soul believe those radiant eyes,
Pure as the sun, should mingle with the clay?
At length the Fates my future doom reveal;
Lifeless to live, and seeking death, to feel
How transient earthly joys, how brief their stay!

SONNET XLIII.

TRANSLATION OF PETRARCH'S FORTY-FOURTH SONNET.

Nor stars that roll on high their wand'ring train,
Nor barks that glide along the glassy flood,
Nor warriors, blazing on the tented plain,
Nor deer, gay bounding thro' the gloomy wood,
Nor tidings that delight the longing breast,
Nor dulcet warblings of the love-tun'd lyre,
Nor limpid founts, nor meads in verdure drest,
Made vocal by the virgins beauteous quire,
Nor aught besides my grief-worn heart can prize,
Since she, the light and mirror of my eyes,
Sleeps in the dust. By speechless woes impell'd,
I call for Death,—blest bound'ry to my pain,
Still panting to behold those charms again,
Which, ah! 't were best I never had beheld!

A FRAGMENT.

I.

Does Wisdom's lore inform the silver'd head?
Does holy Truth the fireless heart control?
Does mellowing time a sacred influence shed
T' exalt the wishes, and transmute the soul?

II.

See, in the chains of thoughtless Pleasure bound,
What hoary myriads revel while they may,
By lengthen'd years with lengthen'd follies crown'd,
Clinging to wretchedness with fond delay.

III.

By the wild glare of radiant phantoms lur'd,
The wanderer, man, their fleeting train pursues;
Yet, when he deems the lovely form secur'd,
They vanish, like the rainbow's transient hues.

IV.

Proud of his little powers, he lifts to heaven
The daring front, and sports his transient day;
Heedless for what the span of life was given,
How vast his duties, and how short his stay.

V.

He roves, all playful, on Perdition's brink,
Yet views no yawning precipice below;
He sees his comrades fall, yet scorns to shrink,
And smiles at Justice and her menac'd blow.

VI.

Yet soon the dream is o'er;—an angry God
Curbs the vain rebel in his mad career:
Crush'd is his pride beneath the scourging rod,
And stretch'd his cold corpse on the gloomy bier.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY, AND INSCRIBED TO HER SISTER.

I.

SPIRIT! who sittest on the mould'ring piles
Of the fall'n temple or disparted tower,
Or wander'st in the cloister's echoing aisles,
Turning thy sand-glass at each passing hour;

II.

Queen of sad musings!—to thy drear domain
I come, where sorrow guides my lonely way;
Where weeping Friendship breathes the mournful strain,
Waves the dim torch, and points to Mary's clay.

III.

In the dark vault she sleeps.—How vain the vows
Breath'd by fond love to stay the fatal dart!
The dews of Death upon her lovely brows
Are dried, and stiffen'd is her guileless heart.

IV.

As the fair blossom, on the vernal morn,
Woo'd by the breeze, expands its trembling flowers;
Yet, while its leaf the dewdrops still adorn,
Some sweeping blast its orient bloom devours:

V.

So, in the tender pride of infant grace,
She rose, while Hope her riper charms portray'd,
Pleas'd the young virtues of her soul to trace,
Where Truth and Love their new-born smile display'd.

VI.

But Hope was false, and stopt where Fancy's lays
By the stern summons of relentless Death;
Swift at his voice the lurking poison strays
Through each wan limb, and checks her flut-
t'ring breath.

VII.

Thou soul of infant excellence, farewell!
Farewell, lov'd sister of my heart's best friend!
My feet shall seek with hers thy silent cell,
My heart with hers its mutual sorrow blend.

VIII.

When evening's rays depart, our hands shall bring
Fresh flowrets, bath'd in dew, to deck thy tomb;
And the nipt rose-buds of the virgin spring
(Emblems of thee!) shall join their soft perfume.

IX.

And dove-ey'd Innocence, thy faithful guide,
And Meekness, ruler of thy gentle heart;
Lighted by Love, their steps shall thither guide,
While from their breast the sighs of pity start.

X.

Yet why for thee should plaintive accents flow?
From the bright mansions of the starry spheres,
In bowers of bliss, thou look'st on mortal woe,
And wonder'st at affection's fruitless tears.

XI.

Yes, Mary, thou art blest: my kindling soul
Thy joyful seat with envious eye surveys;
No more for thee shall Pity's murmurs roll,
But for myself prolong her plaintive lays.

XII.

Rest, happy spirit! thou hast reach'd thy home;
'Tis thine no more to bear the shocks of fate;
We, who remain in future scenes to roam,
Are but the pilgrims of a longer date.

XIII.

And why should life provoke the lingering sigh?
Swift as the lightning's gleam our youth shall fleet,
And dim Decrepitude, with beamless eye
And nerveless hand, shall reign in manhood's seat.

XIV.

Then happiest they, whose path is soonest o'er:
For earth's most pleasant paths are strew'd with grief;
And the tir'd wanderer lives but to explore
How vain are mortal pleasures, and how brief!

XV.

What though with glittering hoards our coffers groan,
What though the smiles of Pomp our fancy warm,
Though radiant Fashion mark us for her own,
And vary at our nod her Proteus form:

XVI.

What though renown, to spread our boasted praise,
Loud o'er the earth her brazen trumpet sound;
Rear the proud bust, and give th' unfading bays
By Glory's fingers on our temples bound:

XVII.

In the dark precincts of the final bourne,
E'en the sweet flow'rs of hallow'd Love must fade,
The pride of Grandeur fall, and Glory mourn
Her trophies moulder'd, and her crowns decay'd.

XVIII.

Soon, Mary, shall the howling night-blast sweep
O'er *him*, who pours this pensive song to thee;
Beneath some flow'ry tuft his bones shall sleep,
Borne to the grave across his fav'rite lea.

XIX.

She too, thy weeping sister, who remains,
Spar'd by kind Heav'n, the partner of my way;
With Love's responsive throb to soothe my pains,
Cheer my still course, and brighten Pleasure's ray:

XX.

She too, ah me! in Death's cold arms must lie,
The worm must revel on her smiling cheek,
And sunk and hollow be the sparkling eye,
Where tender Love and generous Virtue speak.

XXI.

But the drear path our feet so soon shall tread,
Thy feet have trodden, and its terrors known;
Thy spotless heart has, with no guilty dread,
Felt the last pang, and heav'd the parting moan.

XXII.

Ne'er at thy head her shafts shall Malice aim,
Nor at thy bosom dart her scorpion sting;
Detraction shall not blast thy budding fame,
Nor scatter mildews from her poison'd wing.

XXIII.

Thou shalt not feel Affection's hapless doom,
O'erwhelm'd by pining grief through long-drawn years;
Nor see thy cheek, in vigour's rip'ning bloom,
By Sorrow blanch'd, like mine, and worn with tears.

XXIV.

To Him that sitteth on th' eternal throne,
Begin, pure spirit, thine unceasing lays;
He freed thy soul from earth, ere taught to groan,
Ere torn thy feet by Sorrow's thorny ways.

XXV.

Oh for an angel's wing to speed my flight
High o'er the atmosphere's polluted bound;
That I might tread your walks of rich delight,
And stray your star-bespangled plains around!

XXVI.

Then should my longing soul, O bliss supreme!
Your God and King with prostrate awe survey,
With saints and angels chant the hallow'd theme,
And at His foot my feeble tribute lay.

THE END.

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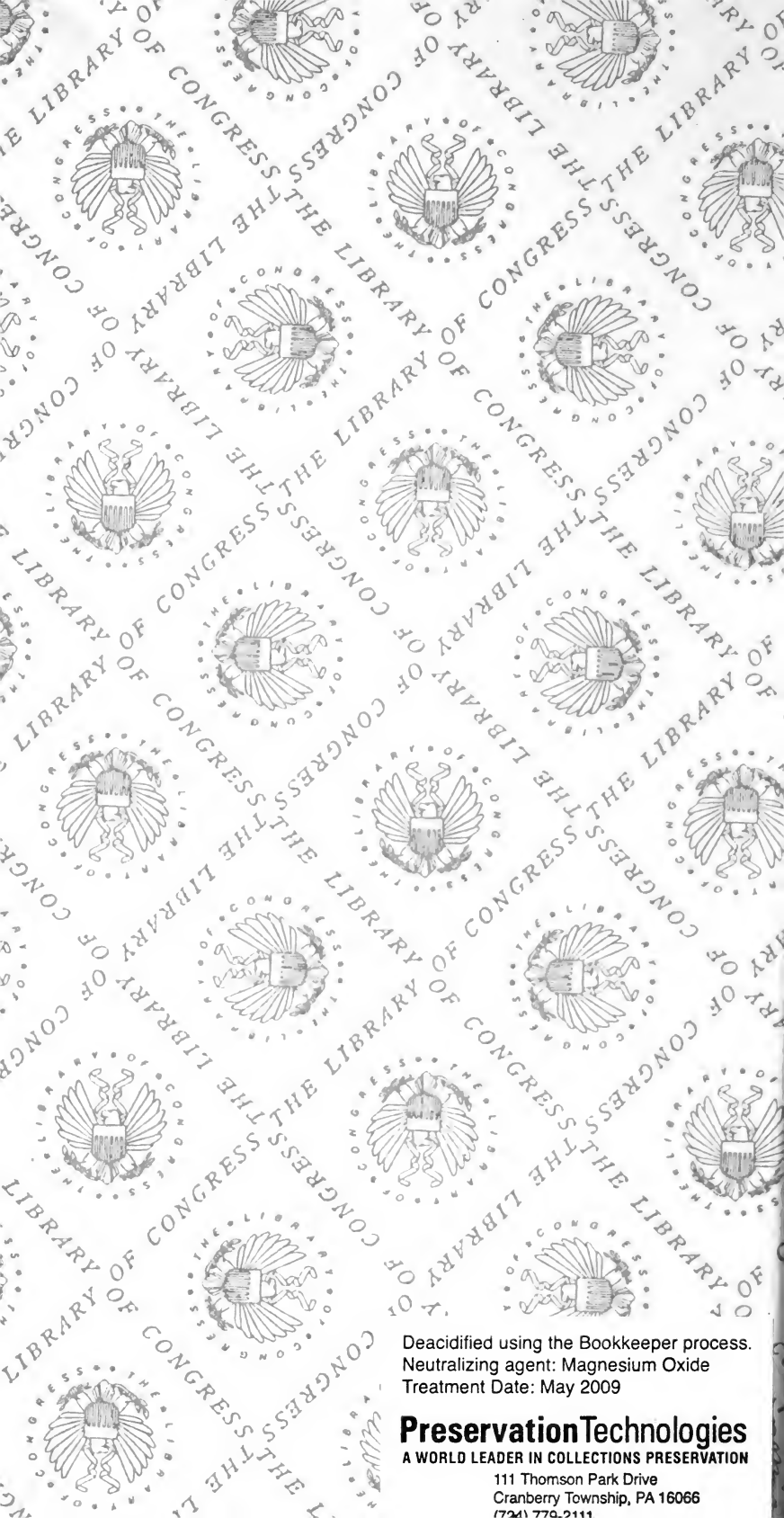

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